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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893

Literature

An English Critic of Walt Whitman

Walt Whitman: A Study. By John Addington Symonds. With portrait and four illustrations. 10s. 6d. London: J. C. Nimmo.

THE REMARKABLE influence exerted by our wild American on contemporary English thought, may be gathered from the following confession:—

"I do not think that [Whitman's religion] is a religion only for the rich, the powerful, the wise, the healthy. For my own part, I may confess that it shone upon me, when my life was broken, when I was weak, sickly, poor and of no account; and that I have ever lived thenceforward in the light and warmth of it. In bounden duty toward Whitman, I make this personal statement; for had it not been for the fervent contact of his fervent spirit with my own, the pyre ready to be lighted, the combustible materials of modern thought awaiting the touch of the fire-bringer, might never have leapt up into the flame of life-long faith and consolation. During my darkest hours it comforted me with the conviction that I, too, played my part in the illimitable symphony of cosmic life. When I sinned, repined, sorrowed, suffered, it touched me with a gentle hand of sympathy and understanding, sustained me with the strong arm of assurance that in the end I could not go amiss (for I was part, an integrating part of the great whole)."

In this way, the wild bee fructifies some royal purple blossom, without knowing it,—buzzing, humming, rich in honey and music, the spirit of fertilization on wings whose mission it is to traverse Atlantics, if necessary, in obedience to its own hunger and habits. Thus "Leaves of Grass" came in 1865 to a young man of twenty-five who made the touching confession above quoted. Another poet sang in "Songs before Sunrise":—

"O strong-winged soul with prophetic
Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song,
With tremor of heartstrings magnetic,
With thoughts as thunders in throng,
With consonant ardours of chords
That pierce men's souls as with swords
And hale them hearing along."

These are specimens of spirits kindled by the blazing torch of Whitman, a torch radiant as the eyes of the mænads in the Bacchæ of Euripides; but never kindling like them to the destruction of a Pentheus. Mr. Symonds's analytical essay is perhaps the most complete presentation yet made of all phases of Whitman's many-sided philosophy. It is the loving study of a disciple; but of a disciple with eyes. The blind hyperbole of Swinburne afterward turned into miserable abuse—an eye-bound Œdipus spouting incongruous rage upon one over whom, previously, he had sung pæans of welcome. Mr. Symonds takes the poet in orderly sequence and discusses his religious views, his egotism, his doctrine of the sexes, his ideals of friendship and comradeship, democracy, America and the "Divine Average." His weak points, as well as his permanently substantive qualities, are pointed out; the question whether his writings are to be called poetry is calmly asked and delightfully answered, and passages are quoted showing his high rank as a creative artist. The wonderful optimism of his talk and verse, his all-embracing philanthropy are natural to the genial democrat who has "vistas" into things unseen by common mortals. This accomplished critic, trained in Greek and Latin classics, in the literatures of Italy, France, Germany and England, the devotee of what is powerful and beautiful in style, says of Whitman as a stylist:—"The countless clear and perfect phrases he invented, to match most delicate and evanescent moods of sensibility, to picture exquisite and broad effects of natural beauty, to call up poignant and elusive feelings, attest to his artistic faculty

of using language as a vehicle for thought. They are hung, like golden medals of consummate workmanship and incised form, in rich clusters, over every poem he produced."

The refined academic scholar, bred at Harrow and Oxford in aristocratic exclusiveness, had his spirit opened by his friend Frederic Myers, who, by chance, read him aloud a poem from "Leaves of Grass," in his rooms at Trinity College, Cambridge. Whitman performed for Symonds what Socrates did for his disciples—delivered his soul of its "debilities," opening his eyes to the beauty, goodness and greatness which may be found in all worthy human beings, the humblest and the highest, stripping his soul of social prejudices, rousing the spirit of fraternization with all classes and kinds and dispelling the intellectual torpor which had woven its cobwebs over a sensitive, classically cultured brain. This is the way Apollo, the great physician, always works.

Lecky's "England" and "Ireland"

A History of England in the Eighteenth Century. 7 Vols. A History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century. 5 Vols. By W. E. H. Lecky. D. Appleton & Co.

IN JANUARY, 1878, the first volumes of Lecky's now famous "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" appeared. In these volumes the author discussed in parallel chapters the history of England and Ireland during the last century—that is, one section was devoted to England's growth during a few years, and the next to events in Ireland during a similar period, while in the section next following, Lecky again took up the thread of the English story. As a result of this inartistic method the narrative was broken, and the reader's attention was continually diverted from one line of evolution to another. In response to the numerous criticisms of this faulty arrangement, Lecky has seen fit in this new edition "to connect in one continuous narrative" the previously scattered Irish chapters. Thus instead of one, we now have two histories—that of England in seven volumes, that of Ireland in five. That this is a distinct improvement, both from the historical and literary point of view, no one will deny. Besides this all-important change, various minor alterations have been made for this edition. The author has availed himself of the works of other men, published since 1878, and has brought his work "up to the level of our present knowledge," "by retouches, additions and erasures."

There are so many different conceptions of history that it will be well to say a few words about Lecky's views on this subject. Prof. Seeley regards history as preëminently devoted to tracing the development of the state, and thus he naturally finds that the most striking, and, in fact, the main feature of England's history during this period is the expansion of the English state by the acquisition of new territory both in the East and West. Lecky, on the other hand, regards man's social, political and intellectual activity as the main subject for historical investigation. The one lays stress on the organism, the other on man's activity in that organism. Lecky is not a constitutional historian like Stubbs or Gneist; he is paramourly the historian of ideas. Thus his ablest work deals with the effect of the coalescence of pagan and Christian ethics on the growth of European morals, and another, but less able work, describes the growth of the spirit of rationalism in Europe. Lecky, therefore, naturally inclines more to Carlyle's "great man" theory of history than to the somewhat fatalistic views of Buckle. He admits that there is a general trend of events, but asserts that man's volition, and at times even the merest accident, can fundamentally change the tendency. "Several instances might be cited," he says, "in which a slight change in the disposition of circumstances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history."

Thus he disparages the historian that seeks for historical causes in the development of long preceding phenomena; for, while he concedes that these generalizations occasionally contain germs of truth, he considers them as a rule exaggerated.

His views on this subject can best be illustrated by a criticism of his explanation of events in England during 1688. He asserts that "the general triumph of Whig principles that was achieved at the Revolution was much less due to any general, social or intellectual development than to the follies of a single sovereign, and the abilities of a small group of statesmen." To us this view appears most narrow, for Lecky confuses cause and occasion. The occasion of this Revolution was undoubtedly the obstinately bigoted policy of James II.; but to say that it was the cause is to take a most unphilosophical basis for historical induction and at the same time to show a poor comprehension of the fundamental facts of English history in the seventeenth century. In this century democratic ideals, due largely to the growth of Puritanism, had been steadily spreading in England. In 1649 these ideals were realized, but in a most extreme form, and the Commonwealth fell because the people were not ripe for so popular a form of government. Under the Restoration, accordingly, we can trace a violent reaction; but this reaction was merely temporary, and the modified and tempered political philosophy of Puritanism, as expressed in the works of Locke and Sidney was bound to triumph after this passing phenomenon had disappeared. Had James II. been a different man, the Revolution would not have taken the form it did; but that the principles embodied in the Bill of Rights would have triumphed about that time, whether peacefully or by violence, is indubitable. The world's development flows on like a mighty river; occasionally a great man can momentarily check or hasten the tide, and can even divert and alter the course of the river; but no man can permanently stop the flow, or cause the river to run in a diametrically opposite direction; he cannot create new forces, but must avail himself of the momentum of those already existing. This is the most serious indictment that can be brought against Lecky—namely, that he tends to find the *raison d'être* of the world's progress more in special than in general causes.

While we recognize this limitation to Lecky's excellence as an historian, we must not blind ourselves to his preëminently great qualities. In the first place, Lecky is one of the few English historians that deem it necessary to explain the political life of a nation by the underlying economic ideas. Thus he shows how utterly inconsistent Bolingbroke's commercial treaty with France was, with the then universally accepted tenets of the mercantile system, and how from its very inception this Tory measure was doomed to defeat. And then again, he is the only writer, besides the economist Roscher, who has given us an accurate and impartial account of England's commercial policy towards the American Colonies. In connection with America, one most admirable characteristic of Lecky's historical mind must be mentioned—his impartiality. There is no subject which has been treated so unscientifically by most historians as the revolt of the American Colonies from England. As soon as Americans and Englishmen touch upon this field, they degenerate from historians into partisans. Lecky, in contradistinction to Bancroft, sees fully the merits and faults of both sides, and distributes the praise and blame with an impartial hand.

As regards pure literary ability, Lecky cannot hope to rank with Macaulay, Froude, Bancroft or Prescott; for his style, though never turgid, is rarely more than lucid and dignified. What he has given the world is more a history of civilization and politics in England and Ireland, than a history of these two countries. While not entitling the author to the highest rank as an historian, this work has given him a just claim to a seat beside such eminent English scholars as Freeman, Gardiner, and Bryce. The illustrious historian may say with Horace, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*.

"Pietro Ghisleri"

By F. Marion Crawford. \$1. Macmillan & Co.

THE COMMON IDEA that if a man writes much he must write carelessly, does not hold in Mr. Crawford's case; for he has written a great deal in the past few years, and yet this, his latest novel, taken altogether, is the best thing he has yet done. On a first reading, the narrative runs so easily and the incidents come after each other in such natural succession, that one is apt to overlook the art which is concealing itself; but upon going over it again, one is reminded of those spells of old story which bound the spirits of the air to willing service when spoken by true wizards, but were dangerous in the mouths of rash adventurers. The evil genius of the story is a woman, who foully slanders her step-sister, exposes that sister's husband to the infection of a deadly disease and afterward becomes herself a slave to morphia. Stated thus roughly, such a plot seems lurid in the extreme; yet there is nothing merely sensational in the ordinary use of the term, from beginning to end, because there is a sufficient motive for every action.

The scene is laid in Rome, and we now and then meet or hear of people whom we have come to know in Mr. Crawford's pages, but the story follows the changing fortunes of a new group of men and women, of whom the most prominent is the hero, Pietro Ghisleri. He is described as "a man who would have wished to be a Lancelot in fidelity, a Galahad in cleanness of heart, an Arthur for justice and frankness, but who was indeed terribly far from resembling any of the three. A man liable to most human weaknesses, but having just enough of something better to make him hate weakness in himself and understand it in others without condemning it too harshly in them. He had the wish to overcome it in his own character and life, but when the victory looked too easy it did not tempt him, for his vanity was of the kind which is satisfied only with winning hard fights, and rarely roused except by the prospect of them, while quite indifferent to small success of any kind—either for good or evil." Such a sketch hardly promises much good; but before long we find ourselves agreeing with his best friend that Ghisleri is "an exceedingly righteous sinner," and are the more ready to excuse him because he never seeks to excuse himself. If he is a "righteous sinner," Donna Adele Savelli is certainly a very wicked good woman, and yet we are not allowed to hate her comfortably, because she suffers so terribly from her own evil deeds. The account of her struggles with sleeplessness, and gradual yielding to the thralldom of morphia, is told powerfully and with a restraint which writers desirous of using the tools which modern science puts within their reach would do well to study.

A reviewer admitted recently that the public is not in the habit of waiting for the endorsement of the critics before reading a new book by Mr. Crawford, and in the present instance popular wisdom will be more than usually justified of her children.

Mr. W. H. Mallock's "Verses"

Verses. By W. H. Mallock. London: Hutchinson & Co.

PROSE IS MR. MALLOCK'S forte: verse is his amusement. A writer of rather brilliant prose, he does not seem to know the luminous secret of poetry. Almost every prose-writer, be he novelist, historian, scientist or what not, is pretty sure, at some unguarded moment in his life, to succumb to the charms of the lyric muse. Generally speaking, he "drops into poetry"—a kind of literary epilepsy, as it were, which if allowed to become chronic cannot fail to be disastrous. One would suppose that a prose-writer of Mr. Mallock's ability would be too wise to expose his rhymed experiments to the chilling atmosphere wherein lives those deluded beings who find life worth the while. But such is not the case. Like many others who have done well in one field of literature, Mr. Mallock now comes out as a poet. Verses he has written; verses he will publish. The little book before us, padded out to respectable size by giving each verse a separate title-page, contains only four lines that seem to us

of sufficient merit to be preserved. These are entitled "Human Life" and read as follows:—

"Like smoke I vanish, though I burn like flame;
I flicker in the gusts of wrong and right,
A shining frailty in the guise of might,
Before, a nothing—and behind, a name."

This is slightly Landorian, and is of a kind of philosophy proper to the author of "Is Life Worth Living?" Moreover it is a creditable quatrain, considered as poetry; but Mr. Mallock has missed the mark, at every other shot.

Mr. Mallock has been moved to address two of his poems to dead dogs. In one of these he unburdens his conscience in this manner:—

"Where are you now, little wandering
Life, that so faithfully dwelt with us,
Played with us, fed with us, felt with us,
Years we grew fonder and fonder in?"

"You who but yesterday sprang to us,
Are we for ever bereft of you?
And is this all that is left of you—
One little grave and a pang to us?"

The pathos of these stanzas is not at all associated with a thought of the dog—the dead dog—but rather with the character of the doggerel. All that is left to us is one little grave and a pang, and Mr. Mallock points the pang. Incidentally we wish to say that none but a British versifier has the temerity to make rhymes like "wandering" and "fonder in." We refrain from quoting the lines "To Another Dead Dog." We do not wish to give our readers the impression that all of the author's verses are doggerel: they are not, but they are uniformly commonplace and quite innocent of the charge of poetry.

To prose-writers who may be contemplating the sin of committing poetry we heartily commend Mr. Mallock's verses. If these do not have the effect of discouraging them, then there is nothing to be done. Album verses and epitaphs on dead domestic animals are rarely of sufficient poetical value to merit publication. This volume is a conclusive proof of the statement.

"Katharine North"

By Maria Louise Pool. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.

LIFE IN A TYPICAL New England village, Feeding Hills, and among typical New England people of a certain class, is what we have to deal with in Maria Louise Pool's new novel, "Katharine North." Of the three principal characters, Mr. North is a prominent person in the town and controls it to suit himself—at least, everything in it except his wife, whom he is inwardly conscious he will never control, though he doesn't hint this to any human being; Mrs. North never speaks impatiently, is never cross and never yields, and has supreme sway in her household; and Katharine is understood and adored by her father, but is thought to be singular by her mother, who hopes that other people may not notice it.

Katharine's hand is sought in marriage by Deacon Grove, who has already been a widower three times. The loss of his wives has brought the compensation of giving his life a kind of liveliness, although besprinkled with funerals, which it might have lacked if he had lived along year after year with only one wife. Katharine loathes him, and does not care to contribute to this kind of liveliness, but her mother is not to be resisted and the marriage ceremony is performed. Then, at last, the girl is roused; there is something of her mother in her, after all, and she leaves home vowing that nothing will ever make her stay with the man she has been forced to marry. Just here, Katharine's aunt, for whom she is named and whom she is said to resemble, comes on the scene to befriend the girl; and with her comes her step-son—two people of whom a most attractive picture is drawn. Katharine's life with them is different from everything she has ever known, and by their healthful influence, she is changed from her old into new views of life and living.

The book is absolutely charming. The story is original,

and the characters are selected with the most admirable skill to illustrate the different phases of life. It is full of humor, full of pathos, and full of human nature, and, in reading it, one does not know whether he prefers to spend his time with the pleasant Llandaffs on the coast, or with the unpleasant Norths in the village; the groups are equally interesting, each in its own way.

American Forestry from a Foreign Point of View

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DR. JARCHOW announces in his preface that his book "is written only with regard to the requirements of the State of New York," and then goes on consistently to reproduce, in English often incomprehensible without a knowledge of the technical German forest vocabulary, the methods and details in use in German forests, in the spirit in which they are there applied. Even from the German point of view, Dr. Jarchow has fallen into numerous mistakes; as where he asserts (p. 90) that "the planting of forest trees can only succeed in places where there is no grass, and where no grass would ordinarily grow for some years to come." But it is not enough to reproduce, even correctly, the best sense of the German books on forestry in order to give valuable directions as to the handling of timber-lands in this country. Dr. Jarchow asserts again (p. 63), in speaking of our State forest, that we can "at least make our forests self-supporting provided that at regular intervals every harvested forest product is sold at public auction, and not—as is now the practice—left to rot and create dangerous fire-traps, or breeding places for noxious insects." In order to make such a statement it was necessary to ignore such elementary facts as that "forest products left on the ground to rot" are left there precisely because they are not valuable enough to be removed; that the greater part of the country where lumbering is done on any large scale is almost without highways except the streams down which the logs are driven; that the people to attend the public auctions do not exist in the regions in question, and that it is not the American habit to sell forest products at public auction, however successful such a practice may be in the German forests. It is true that the forester can hope to preserve the forests in the long run only as he is able to do it while making them pay. It is also true that he has at his disposal a system of handling timber, brought into being by American lumbermen, which, for economy and efficiency, is not approached elsewhere. This system is destined to be the forester's most powerful aid in the accomplishment of his difficult task. Under a rational conception of their parts, therefore, the forester and the lumberman must work together; and no one is competent to speak on the handling of forests in this country who is ignorant of lumbering.

Dr. Jarchow's shortcomings extend also to the trees of which our forests are composed. When he denies a place among forest trees to the poplars, bass-wood, tulip-tree, locust and catalpa (p. 89); when he speaks of the oak and blackberry (*sic*) as prominent members of the Adirondack forests (p. 188, note); when he advises the planting of the alder among forest trees (p. 86),—he exhibits a completeness of ignorance which is, perhaps, without a rival among those who have attempted to write upon the subject.

The pressing need of forest reform in this country is to establish its practical character in the minds of the practical men who make public opinion. Such a book as the present one is, therefore, likely to do very great harm. Filled with mistakes and misconceptions from cover to cover, it can be accepted as authoritative by no intelligent man without creating the radically false impression that forestry is divorced from commonsense.

New Books and New Editions

A HANDSOME BOOK is the "Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois, written by her own hand," and translated by Violet Fane. This Queen Marguerite of Navarre is often confused with her great-aunt and namesake, Marguerite of the "Heptameron." The confusion is not unnatural; both were literary women and their similarity in other re-

Thus he disparages the historian that seeks for historical causes in the development of long preceding phenomena; for, while he concedes that these generalizations occasionally contain germs of truth, he considers them as a rule exaggerated.

His views on this subject can best be illustrated by a criticism of his explanation of events in England during 1688. He asserts that "the general triumph of Whig principles that was achieved at the Revolution was much less due to any general, social or intellectual development than to the follies of a single sovereign, and the abilities of a small group of statesmen." To us this view appears most narrow, for Lecky confuses cause and occasion. The occasion of this Revolution was undoubtedly the obstinately bigoted policy of James II.; but to say that it was the cause is to take a most unphilosophical basis for historical induction and at the same time to show a poor comprehension of the fundamental facts of English history in the seventeenth century. In this century democratic ideals, due largely to the growth of Puritanism, had been steadily spreading in England. In 1649 these ideals were realized, but in a most extreme form, and the Commonwealth fell because the people were not ripe for so popular a form of government. Under the Restoration, accordingly, we can trace a violent reaction; but this reaction was merely temporary, and the modified and tempered political philosophy of Puritanism, as expressed in the works of Locke and Sidney was bound to triumph after this passing phenomenon had disappeared. Had James II. been a different man, the Revolution would not have taken the form it did; but that the principles embodied in the Bill of Rights would have triumphed about that time, whether peacefully or by violence, is indubitable. The world's development flows on like a mighty river; occasionally a great man can momentarily check or hasten the tide, and can even divert and alter the course of the river; but no man can permanently stop the flow, or cause the river to run in a diametrically opposite direction; he cannot create new forces, but must avail himself of the momentum of those already existing. This is the most serious indictment that can be brought against Lecky—namely, that he tends to find the *raison d'être* of the world's progress more in special than in general causes.

While we recognize this limitation to Lecky's excellence as an historian, we must not blind ourselves to his preëminently great qualities. In the first place, Lecky is one of the few English historians that deem it necessary to explain the political life of a nation by the underlying economic ideas. Thus he shows how utterly inconsistent Bolingbroke's commercial treaty with France was, with the then universally accepted tenets of the mercantile system, and how from its very inception this Tory measure was doomed to defeat. And then again, he is the only writer, besides the economist Roscher, who has given us an accurate and impartial account of England's commercial policy towards the American Colonies. In connection with America, one most admirable characteristic of Lecky's historical mind must be mentioned—his impartiality. There is no subject which has been treated so unscientifically by most historians as the revolt of the American Colonies from England. As soon as Americans and Englishmen touch upon this field, they degenerate from historians into partisans. Lecky, in contradistinction to Bancroft, sees fully the merits and faults of both sides, and distributes the praise and blame with an impartial hand.

As regards pure literary ability, Lecky cannot hope to rank with Macaulay, Froude, Bancroft or Prescott; for his style, though never turgid, is rarely more than lucid and dignified. What he has given the world is more a history of civilization and politics in England and Ireland, than a history of these two countries. While not entitling the author to the highest rank as an historian, this work has given him a just claim to a seat beside such eminent English scholars as Freeman, Gardiner, and Bryce. The illustrious historian may say with Horace, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*.

"Pietro Ghisleri"

By F. Marion Crawford. \$1. Macmillan & Co.

THE COMMON IDEA that if a man writes much he must write carelessly, does not hold in Mr. Crawford's case; for he has written a great deal in the past few years, and yet this, his latest novel, taken altogether, is the best thing he has yet done. On a first reading, the narrative runs so easily and the incidents come after each other in such natural succession, that one is apt to overlook the art which is concealing itself; but upon going over it again, one is reminded of those spells of old story which bound the spirits of the air to willing service when spoken by true wizards, but were dangerous in the mouths of rash adventurers. The evil genius of the story is a woman, who foully slanders her step-sister, exposes that sister's husband to the infection of a deadly disease and afterward becomes herself a slave to morphia. Stated thus roughly, such a plot seems lurid in the extreme; yet there is nothing merely sensational, in the ordinary use of the term, from beginning to end, because there is a sufficient motive for every action.

The scene is laid in Rome, and we now and then meet or hear of people whom we have come to know in Mr. Crawford's pages, but the story follows the changing fortunes of a new group of men and women, of whom the most prominent is the hero, Pietro Ghisleri. He is described as "a man who would have wished to be a Lancelot in fidelity, a Galahad in cleanness of heart, an Arthur for justice and frankness, but who was indeed terribly far from resembling any of the three. A man liable to most human weaknesses, but having just enough of something better to make him hate weakness in himself and understand it in others without condemning it too harshly in them. He had the wish to overcome it in his own character and life, but when the victory looked too easy it did not tempt him, for his vanity was of the kind which is satisfied only with winning hard fights, and rarely roused except by the prospect of them, while quite indifferent to small success of any kind—either for good or evil." Such a sketch hardly promises much good; but before long we find ourselves agreeing with his best friend that Ghisleri is "an exceedingly righteous sinner," and are the more ready to excuse him because he never seeks to excuse himself. If he is a "righteous sinner," Donna Adele Savelli is certainly a very wicked good woman, and yet we are not allowed to hate her comfortably, because she suffers so terribly from her own evil deeds. The account of her struggles with sleeplessness, and gradual yielding to the thralldom of morphia, is told powerfully and with a restraint which writers desirous of using the tools which modern science puts within their reach would do well to study.

A reviewer admitted recently that the public is not in the habit of waiting for the endorsement of the critics before reading a new book by Mr. Crawford, and in the present instance popular wisdom will be more than usually justified of her children.

Mr. W. H. Mallock's "Verses"

Verses. By W. H. Mallock. London: Hutchinson & Co.

PROSE IS MR. MALLOCK'S forte: verse is his amusement. A writer of rather brilliant prose, he does not seem to know the luminous secret of poetry. Almost every prose-writer, be he novelist, historian, scientist or what not, is pretty sure, at some unguarded moment in his life, to succumb to the charms of the lyric muse. Generally speaking, he "drops into poetry"—a kind of literary epilepsy, as it were, which if allowed to become chronic cannot fail to be disastrous. One would suppose that a prose-writer of Mr. Mallock's ability would be too wise to expose his rhymed experiments to the chilling atmosphere wherein lives those deluded beings who find life worth the while. But such is not the case. Like many others who have done well in one field of literature, Mr. Mallock now comes out as a poet. Verses he has written; verses he will publish. The little book before us, padded out to respectable size by giving each verse a separate title-page, contains only four lines that seem to us

of sufficient merit to be preserved. These are entitled "Human Life" and read as follows:—

"Like smoke I vanish, though I burn like flame;
I flicker in the gusts of wrong and right,
A shining frailty in the guise of might,
Before, a nothing—and behind, a name."

This is slightly Landorian, and is of a kind of philosophy proper to the author of "Is Life Worth Living?" Moreover it is a creditable quatrain, considered as poetry; but Mr. Mallock has missed the mark, at every other shot.

Mr. Mallock has been moved to address two of his poems to dead dogs. In one of these he unburdens his conscience in this manner:—

"Where are you now, little wandering
Life, that so faithfully dwelt with us,
Played with us, fed with us, felt with us,
Years we grew fonder and fonder in?"

"You who but yesterday sprang to us,
Are we for ever bereft of you?
And is this all that is left of you—
One little grave and a pang to us?"

The pathos of these stanzas is not at all associated with a thought of the dog—the dead dog—but rather with the character of the doggerel. All that is left to us is one little grave and a pang, and Mr. Mallock points the pang. Incidentally we wish to say that none but a British versifier has the temerity to make rhymes like "wandering" and "fonder in." We refrain from quoting the lines "To Another Dead Dog." We do not wish to give our readers the impression that all of the author's verses are doggerel: they are not, but they are uniformly commonplace and quite innocent of the charge of poetry.

To prose-writers who may be contemplating the sin of committing poetry we heartily commend Mr. Mallock's verses. If these do not have the effect of discouraging them, then there is nothing to be done. Album verses and epitaphs on dead domestic animals are rarely of sufficient poetical value to merit publication. This volume is a conclusive proof of the statement.

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spects extends farther than their names. La Reine Margot, who wrote these memoirs, was born in 1553. She was the daughter of Henry II., the sister of Henry III., and the wife of Henry IV.,—*filia, soror, uxorque regum*, to use the expression that so delighted her soul,—but her easy notions of conjugal fidelity rendered her anything but a shining model to the court and people of sixteenth-century France. Her memoirs are extremely interesting, but not in the sense that they reveal her full character; for the royal author in addressing her pages to Brantôme did not feel it necessary to seek absolution at his hands. She does not lay bare her secret motives, nor does she confess the truth of the scandalous reports current about her. Rather she gives plausible explanations that would make her out a much-misunderstood and much-abused woman. Such data as these were precisely what le Sieur de Brantôme wanted. In his "Dames Illustres," he was painting a most flattering portrait of Marguerite, and it was well to have a presumably authentic outline in which to lay his dazzling, color. But apart from all this, the memoirs are strictly human. They show what an interesting woman Marguerite was, and they throw a curious side-light on Catherine de' Medici, on Henri Quatre, on the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day, and on other famous people and events of the period 1559-1582. The translator has caught the flavor of the original, even to the tinge of euphuism noticeable in the earlier pages. A good introduction, an index, and some excellent portraits add to the value of a book that will have a fascination for anyone who possesses the historic imagination. (\$5. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

AS THE READERS of *The Critic* are aware, the Trustees of the Lenox Library have made known by a recent publication the singularly valuable treasures of their collection in relation to Columbus. In doing this they had followed the example previously set by Mr. Frederic Saunders, Librarian of the Astor Library, who, in his neat and unpretentious—and, it must be added, uncritical—little volume, published last year under the title of "The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus," of which a new and cheaper edition has just appeared, had shown that his own collection is not deficient in this line. It possesses, among other rare works, a copy of what is supposed by some to be the earliest edition of Columbus's first letter describing his discovery. Of this edition only three other copies are known to be in existence, one in the Lenox Library and two in the Library of the British Museum. It appears that one copy of this little tract of four leaves, or eight pages, cost its latest purchaser nearly three thousand dollars. The price of the Astor Library copy is not given, but we are told that it was "the gift of the Hon. William Waldorf Astor." Mr. Saunders, though naturally familiar with these facts, does not seem to have taken pains to keep himself equally well informed with respect to the other early editions of this famous letter. On this point the Lenox Library publication is much more full and painstaking. Mr. Saunders's book, as is shown by its title, takes a considerably wider scope. He has brought together, in a readable form, though with no special perspicacity or literary grace, the leading incidents in the career of Columbus, and has added a variety of widely contradictory "estimates of his character," from which the perplexed reader is courteously invited to "form his own conclusions." (50 cts. Thomas Whittaker.)

AS A RESULT of the general improvement in the post graduate courses in America, it is pleasant to note that no reputable university any longer gives the degree of Ph.D. as an honor; and, when a young man is made a Doctor of Philosophy now, by any one of the dozen leading American universities, it means that he has spent two years since his graduation in hard work, and that he has devoted much of his time to original investigation of a special subject. Already, the doctorate dissertation in America is as carefully worked out as in Germany. In general, it is of interest only to those who have special knowledge of the subject. But, even in narrowly scientific dissertations, items of general interest can now and then be gleaned. A "History of Elections in the American Colonies," by Cortlandt Field Bishop, Ph.D., has just been published in the Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the University Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College. The subject is seemingly of interest only to the specialist, and it is the specialist who will best appreciate the exhaustive research, the logical arrangement and the conscientious carefulness of Dr. Bishop's book; but the general reader, also, will discover in his pages not a few facts of interest. For example, it is with some surprise that we learn that there was compulsory voting in Plymouth in 1671 (p. 190); that free Negroes voted in South Carolina in 1701 (p. 52); that there was a pre-figuration of the Australian ballot in New York in 1769 (p. 163), and that an approximation to the Swiss referendum existed in Rhode Island in 1749 (p. 11). It is amusing to discover that an order of 1647 allowed the freemen of Massachusetts to elect a major-general and

an admiral at sea; and that, in 1680 certain elections in that colony were conducted by means of a ballot with corn and beans. Dr. Bishop (note to p. 99) has occasion to traverse some of the statements of the late Douglas Campbell. The "History of Elections in the American Colonies" is a book no student of our institutions can afford to neglect.

"OUTLINES OF FORESTRY; or, The Elementary Principles Underlying the Science of Forestry" is a misleading title. It should read, "Outlines of Physical Geography, with Some of its Bearings on Forestry." The popular conception of forestry corresponds closely to that which Prof. Edwin J. Houston has embodied here. As a matter of fact, the science of forestry is by no means limited to the position of the forest in the economy of nature. All that part of it which relates to trees considered as plants, to their characteristics as members of the forest, to the place of the forest in the economy of man, and above all, to the ways of using and preserving the forest, has received very inadequate attention, or none at all. As regards the contents of the book, it is evident that Prof. Houston is not a forester, and that he is not acquainted with the recent literature of the subject; and many of the conclusions which he states as proven are to be accepted only as probabilities. But in spite of these limitations the book has an evident field of usefulness. It is at least free from the violent errors which distinguish the recent book on "Forest Planting" by Dr. Jarchow, and it treats simply and clearly a very important branch of forestry. It is a book to encourage popular feeling on the subject in its present form; not to enlighten it and give it constructive force. (\$1. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED "Part One" of "the Book of the Fair," by Hubert Howe Bancroft. It contains a chapter on "Fairs of the Past" including the great exhibitions of London in 1851, and 1862, Dublin in 1853, Munich in 1854, Vienna in 1873, New York in 1853, Philadelphia in 1876, New Orleans in 1884, Melbourne in 1865, Sydney in 1879 and Paris in 1855, 1867, 1878 and 1889. It is fully illustrated. A historical sketch of Chicago is given in "chapter the second," with views of some of the principal avenues and buildings of the city; and "chapter the third" gives a graphic account of the evolution of the Columbian Exposition, with portraits of some of the chief organizers of the Fair and photographic prints of buildings and decorations in progress. We would advise the publishers to abstain from attempting to enliven these photographic views with badly drawn figures. The impressive full-page picture of the interior of the great central dome of the Horticultural Building, with its mountain of palms and tropical plants is quite spoiled in this way. This matter apart, the work promises to be an excellent review and memorial of the Fair. (\$1. Chicago: The Bancroft Co.)—MR. F. EDWARD HULME'S book, on the "History, Principles and Practice of Heraldry," gives in compact, clear and interesting form all that the layman will ever need to know of the science of blazonry. Heraldry is the aristocracy of symbolism. Not to know something of it is never to have been at court,—a parlous state indeed, as Touchstone long ago taught us. Mr. Hulme writes temperately, and eschews carefully and good-humoredly all fanciful hypotheses as to the original significance of the manifold ordinarities, tinctures and charges. The book has a full index and about 200 cuts, and is an excellent reference volume. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

THE SECOND VOLUME in the Library of Economics and Politics, edited by Prof. Richard T. Ely, is a work by William A. Scott, on "The Repudiation of State Debts." The author uses the term "repudiation" to include not only the refusal of a State to pay its legally contracted debts, but also its refusal to pay debts contracted by officers of the State in violation of law—an extension of the term that is not justifiable, since it appears to cast a moral stigma upon action that was perfectly right. However, the cases of real repudiation by American States have been far too common, and the record of them is by no means pleasant reading. Mr. Scott devotes five chapters to the historical portion of his task, beginning with the first act of repudiation, by Mississippi, and ending with a full chapter on repudiation in Virginia. He distinguishes between the earlier repudiations, most of which took place in the fifth decade of the century, and those that have occurred in some of the southern States since the civil war. In tracing the history of the subject, he has endeavored, not only to give the leading incidents with such statistical matter as was necessary, but also to ascertain the causes that led to repudiation. The causes in the earlier cases were, he thinks, the poverty of the indebted States, the financial distress, consequent on the crisis of 1837, and the failure of many of the internal improvements, in aid of which much of the debt had been incurred. The chief cause of the acts of repudiation in the South, since the civil war, is to be found in the carpet-bag regimen, which was so dishonest and so exasperating

to the Southern people. To all these causes, however, he adds another, more potent perhaps than any of the rest—the fact that in agricultural countries, such as all the repudiating States were, the standard of financial honor is often not so high as in commercial countries. In treating of the remedies for repudiation, Mr. Scott is not so successful. He shows that in the national Constitution there is no remedy for it, and argues, very plausibly, that the rule in some State constitutions, forbidding the Legislature to contract debts, cannot be permanently maintained; yet he suggests nothing of any value in its place, except at the very end of his book, where he briefly points out the necessity of inculcating a higher morality among the people. The two numbers of this series of books, that have now been issued, give evidence of careful and conscientious study; and, though they have no great literary merit, and present nothing new in the way of principles, they are distinctly superior to the mass of such works that have appeared in this country of late years; and, as such, are encouraging signs. (\$1.50. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY goes gaily on with its many white-clad volumes, under the editorship of Mr. G. L. Gomme. The last volume deals with "English Topography," especially as illustrated, by the interesting counties of Derby and Dorset. The old magazine, with its hundred or so parts, was a mine of local and genealogical information not accessible to the general public. It required an antiquary, like Mr. Gomme, at once courageous and indefatigable, to undertake the excerpting of these particulars, the winnowing of the wheat, the elimination of the rubbish—for even *The Gentleman's Magazine* was a trifle rubbishy now and then—and the compression of innumerable topics into manageable shape. The present book—Part III.—does not lack evidence of all this care; curious customs, obsolete but instructive historical facts and growths, picturesque last-century details and descriptions of manners long gone by, abound in the crowded communications of the pre-Victorian gentry, who aired their antiquarianism or quarrelled in Johnsonian phraseology in this venerable repository of ancient art, science and archaeology. The local magnates were busy with their pens in those days, and their gleanings are now interesting reading to the historian of local manners and fast-changing localities. (\$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO "Jane Eyre" startled the literary world of England into attention. Smith & Elder were her publishers then, yet we will venture to say that this famous novel was not issued in as attractive form by them, as it is to-day by J. M. Dent & Co. "Jane Eyre" is the first issue of the novels of the Brontë sisters, in a style uniform with that of Jane Austen's novels, by the same publisher. A delightful style it is, too, appealing at once to the book-lover and to the mere reader. (2 vols. \$2. Macmillan & Co.)

DR. ALEXANDER PEDDIE'S "Recollections of Dr. John Brown" is a book written from out the author's heart, full with the intimacy of sixty years. Dr. Peddie and Dr. Brown were born in the same year, 1810; they met each other when they were twelve, and continued to be friends until John Brown died. His venerable colleague delivered, in 1890, before the Harveian Society, a Presidential address that concerned itself chiefly with the life of Dr. Brown and the early days of the Minto House Hospital. The present volume is an expansion of that address, and the labor of love has been done well. The man himself is fully set forth, and the selection of letters, covering a wide range of time, shows that "Dr. John" was the same sterling man and Christian from youth to old age. Particularly full and interesting is the account of the student days, when Brown and the author attended the surgical demonstrations of Lyme at Minto House. The book offers little literary criticism as such—the warm praise bestowed on "Rab and his Friends," "Marjorie Fleming" and "Horæ Subsecivæ" being, rather, the hearty approval of a friend. There is little need for other criticism—at any rate, while the world continues to think with Dr. Holmes that "John Brown was one of those few authors whom we love too well to criticise." * * * We take him to our hearts almost before he has got hold of our intellects." The volume has a dozen illustrations, of which the most interesting is the fine portrait that serves as frontispiece. (\$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

FLORIO'S "The Essays of Montaigne: The Second Book," Vol. II., in Mr. W. E. Henley's Tudor Translations—a bit of verbal architecture as peculiar and delightful as the specimens of Elizabethan houses scattered over England. The large, light volume is as large and light as Montaigne's own spirit, and full of the scintillations of a most nimble wit. These crop out all through the thirty-seven essays of this section of the work, which concern themselves not only with such subjects as "Of Thumbs," "Of a Monstrous Child," "Of Giving the Lie," but with elevated themes like "Conscience," "Roman Greatness," "Books," "Glory," "Anger

and Choler," and the like. Montaigne's repertory was rich, and this second book is full of his riches. The defective title-page of Book I. is supplied in the present volume with cancel leaves to take its place: *Malum consilium est quod mutari non potest*, quoth old Publius the comedian. (London: David Nutt.)—IT WAS A bright idea to associate with that essentially bright series—Knickerbocker Nuggets—a companion volume of "Whist Nuggets: being Certain Whistographs Historical, Critical and Humorous, Selected and Arranged by W. G. McGuckin." A charming book is the result of Mr. McGuckin's endeavors, happily compiled from all the celebrities and celebrated authors of the world of whist. It contains chapters, *jeux d'esprit*, and articles from Charles Lamb, Abraham Hayward, R. I. Dunbar, Pole, Cavendish, "Pembroke," Welch, Curtis, "G. W. P." Serjeant Ballantyne, James Payn, and the astronomer Proctor, not to speak of choice and agreeable articles from *Blackwood's*, *The Spectator*, *Harper's*, *Longman's London Quarterly* and *Chambers's Journal*. The whole is a delightful blue-and-gold encyclopædia of 320 duodecimo pages, containing all about whist and whist-players, rhyming rules, mnemonic maxims, and pocket precepts of the game, "bumblepuppy," ladies' whist, whist gossip and its literary associations, and chat, and anecdote, current at famous whist tables. It is the daintiest and most complete manual that has appeared. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IT TAKES A GREAT DEAL of genius to live through a newspaper apprenticeship to literature, and that fact has been made manifest, recently, by Mr. Roswell Martin Field, in a book which he calls "In Sunflower Land: Stories of God's Own Country"—which is Kansas. But the vices of the newspaper training are encountered, nowadays, in the work of almost all the younger men. Most of them have learned to write their stories as reporters on a newspaper. But a "story," in the newspaper sense, is any running account of whatever one has seen and heard in working up his day's "assignment." Every evening each reporter on the staff has his "story" sent to the city editor. If it be cleverly written, if it abound in bright sentences, if, in short, it will make pleasant reading for the morning issue, it is a good "story." In this sense, the papers by Mr. Field are "stories." They are bright and entertaining. But they have little characterization, being, in fact, newspaper reports glorified and made perfect after the manner of their kind. Mr. Field is a sort of Kansas Kipling. He has much the same method and the same happy carelessness. He has not, indeed, Mr. Kipling's intense power. He is far less genial and also less witty. He is nearer the amateur. But, at the same time, his work is not so unequal. It is in the middle ground of good-humored comedy, that Mr. Field does best. He deals in satire where Mr. Kipling deals in sarcasm. Taken altogether, it is as a humorist, more than as a story-teller, that Mr. Field has made his chief success. In that province, he is successful indeed. The satirical sketch of "Tubbs of Kansas," of his temptation by the devil in favor of Free Trade, and his rescue from spiritual death by the man with the valise and the eloquent Mr. Hamfat, is extraordinarily good. (\$1.50. Chicago: F. Schultze.)

IT IS REMARKABLE that so few newspaper men know what the public would like to learn about their business. Here is a volume called "The Making of a Newspaper," edited by Melville Phillips, which is chiefly notable for its omissions. The public does not desire to read laudatory accounts of the ingenuity and pluck of reporters, nor adulatory comments on the greatness of the old-time editor. These things have been written to death. Yet these are the topics which fill this book. Most of the articles are composed of vague generalization or comment. Only three articles are valuable as revealing newspaper methods: Mr. Phillips's "'Getting out' the Paper," Samuel Merrill's "The History of a News Dispatch" and Julius Chambers's "The Reporter's First Murder Case." These articles expose the methods of newspapers; the others do not. Some of the subjects which ought to have been treated in this book, but are not, are these: how newspapers cover local police news and fires; how news of "the Street" is got; how obituary matter is gathered, indexed and written; how shipping news is obtained; what methods reporters devise for reporting in detail such rapidly moving events as football matches, prize-fights or tennis games; how a great public meeting is reported; how a big parade is "covered"; what constitutes a newspaper library, and how it is used. These are some of the things that comprise the making of a newspaper, and the volume under notice has practically nothing to say about them. (\$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THERE IS NOTHING NEW in Adolf Carpe's book, "The Pianist's Art," but it is none the less interesting. The little volume discusses in a thoughtful manner such important topics as technic, fingering, expression and character. The chapter containing an outline of piano literature is especially good. The book will repay the reader. (Chicago: Lyon & Healy.)

M. GUSTAVE UZIELLI of Florence, well-known for his numerous historical and geographical works relating to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, has commenced in that city a series of publications, in French, to which he has given the name of Columbus's famous correspondent and adviser, "Toscanelli," further describing it as "Notes and Documents concerning the Relations between Italy and America." The publication cannot be styled in strictness a periodical, as it is to appear at variable periods, and to be composed of a variable number of pages, the price also to vary correspondingly. The first of the series, nominally for January 1893, has recently come to hand, and will be found to deserve the attention of the many students who are now engaged in researches on the subjects to which it relates. Among the important articles comprised in it, may be mentioned one by the Director on the historians of Toscanelli and his maritime chart which he sent to Columbus, and others by the same writer and by his collaborator, M. Alceste Giorgetti, on historical incidents of much interest relating to Toscanelli and to Americus Vesputius. The latter is shown to have held a much more important position in the diplomatic and literary history of his time than has been commonly ascribed to him. He was a man of learning in the modern sense, a writer on grammar and science, a liberal in politics, and a freethinker in religion. A comparison between him and Columbus might be made the subject of an interesting essay. (75 cts. B. Westermann & Co.)

THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, in pursuing with laudable energy their useful effects on behalf of their charges, have lately published two pamphlets well worthy of perusal. One of these is a report presented by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, comprising his observations made during a recent visit to certain Indian Reservations and schools in South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. It is hardly necessary to say that the report displays the clear reasoning and sound common-sense which are expected in the author's productions. It is satisfactory to find that his conclusions are of a more cheerful character than some other reports had led us to expect. Then he tells us frankly that when he went to the "Pine Ridge Agency" in Dakota, which he found very well managed, he was prejudiced against the Carlisle, Hampton, and other non-reservation schools, and expected to find their graduates doing poorly; but, to his surprise and pleasure his prejudice proved to be unfounded, and he "speedily became convinced of the fact that, as a rule, the returned graduate of the non-reservation schools was doing much better than the average Indian who had not had such advantages." He is of opinion that the present system of issuing annuities and supplies to the Indians simply pauperizes them. They should have their own lands, in separate farms—inalienable at first,—and should be required within a reasonable time to earn their own subsistence. Though many will sink under the test, as some whites do, others will survive and become useful citizens. The second report is by Mr. C. C. Painter, the energetic Washington Agent of the Association. It is entitled "Cheyennes and Arapahoes Revisited," and gives a dismal account of the wrongs inflicted upon the Indians by unscrupulous officials and heartless speculators. In his general conclusions he agrees with Mr. Roosevelt. "When the Indian," he tells us significantly, "has no more property to excite the cupidity of the white, and public officials are no longer called upon to administer his affairs so as to give those whose support they crave a chance to make money out of him, and when schools are no longer to be located or managed with reference to the political needs of Congressmen,—that is, when we get down to the Indian himself as a man, and deal with his rights and capabilities as such,—there is a hope that he may become civilized." Both reports, it should be added, agree in speaking highly of the late Indian Commissioner, Mr. Morgan and in censuring, by implication or directly, his political superior, the late Secretary of the Interior. (Indian Rights Association, 35 Arch Street, Philadelphia.)

Theological and Religious Literature

THE VOICE of a long and large experience is heard in Prof. Joseph Henry Thayer's "Books and Their Use." The title-page, however, leads one to expect much more than the book gives, and therefore is unfortunate. Curiously enough, the running title is fuller than that on the title-page and nearer the contents: "Books and their use from a professional point of view." On examination the book turns out to be an excellent and practical address to embryonic clergymen upon the formation of their libraries, particularly in the way of commentaries, with some hints as to the proper treatment of the books they buy or read. One of these hints is to use the front fly-leaves of a book "to record references to noteworthy reviews of the book in hand or summary estimates of it by experts; those at the end "to receive references to topics or utterances in which have for the owner special interest." Another hint is to keep cards alphabetically arranged references to authors, subjects and

the like; and a third is to use envelopes properly labelled and arranged for newspaper clippings, as "such a collection will fill the uses of a scrapbook without demanding half its space or trouble." But the chief value of the book is its carefully selected "list of books for students of the New Testament," closing with a capital feature—a sort of object-lesson in applied bibliography, inasmuch as the author takes different topics and tells the student what to read upon them. It is not necessary to say of the author of the standard lexicon of the New Testament that he is most competent to advise, as he is a model to imitate, in the domain of New Testament exegesis. If only every minister in the country were guided in his purchases and study by Prof. Thayer! (75 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—IT IS GIVEN to few preachers to address more than their own generation. The publishers evidently considered that Frederick Denison Maurice was one of those preachers, for they have recently brought out, in six octavo volumes, his Lincoln's Inn Sermons. The earliest of these discourses is dated 1856 and the latest 1859. Maurice died in 1872, aged 67. He was therefore in his prime when he delivered them. Matthew Arnold thought that Maurice "spent his life in beating the bush with profoundly devout emotion, and never starting the hare." Repeated efforts to get interested in these sermons inclines us to think that Matthew Arnold is right. Here we have good themes and a most excellent spirit, but somehow we seem to be reading only words. (6 vols. \$1.25 each. Macmillan & Co.)

MR. BEECHER'S labors are over, but his works keep following on. We are reminded of this fact by the appearance of a new volume of "Bible Studies; or, Readings in the Early Books of the Old Testament, with Familiar Comment, Given in 1878-9." During their delivery, fortunately for us, his skilled stenographer, T. J. Ellinwood, took full notes of the discourses and then preserved the manuscripts. These have been carefully edited by John R. Howard, who to the preface of the stenographer has added a luminous introduction. The sermons are well presented, with the numerous and abundant quotations from the Bible printed on the page in different type. One sermon discusses the inspiration of the Bible, another tells how to read it, and then, after a discourse on the Book of Beginnings, we have brilliant word-pictures of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Jephtha, Samson, Naomi and Ruth. The Mosaic institutes are treated of in four sermons, and the time of the wandering in the wilderness and the conquest are lighted up by the great preacher's insight. We are impressed with the timeliness of this volume, for one cannot read many pages without seeing how Mr. Beecher, without being, perhaps, technically a scholar, yet had already entered into the assured results of the critical investigations of the past two centuries, which are now being wrought into the average Christian consciousness. The sermons are thoroughly interesting. (\$1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

"THE SERMON BIBLE," which embraces the whole of the sacred Scriptures, has been completed, as to the Old Testament, in four volumes; and the sixth in exposition of the New Testament is now at hand. The name of the author of this clergyman's scrap-book is not revealed. The most of the work of the scissors seems to have been done in England; but some American expositors and preachers have been utilized, and at the end of every excerpt there are references to the sermon outlines, or fuller treatment in various homiletical periodicals and volumes of sermons. The volume covers that part of the New Testament from II. Corinthians to Philipians. A sheaf of blank leaves is affixed to the end of the volume for one's own notes. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—JUDGED FROM the wash-portrait prefixed to the volume before us, the Rev. George W. Nichols, D.D., of Norwalk, Conn., is a most genial gentleman. He has gathered together nine miscellaneous fugitive pieces and entitles these, with the twenty-five short sermons bound up with them, "Miscellanies: Religious and Personal, and Sermons." The sermons are of the every-day sort, written by a good man who has assimilated what he has read in the Scriptures, but are not of any especial merit. (Bridgeport, Conn.: Marigold Printing Co.)—THOSE WHO ARE given to the study of hymnology, or who wish a capital short selection of "Hymns and Chorales for Schools and Colleges," are not likely to be disappointed in the book of this name, edited by John Farmer, organist of Balliol College, Oxford. Only one tune or one hymn is printed on a page, the hymn being on the left and the music on the right side of the page. The selection is in the very best taste, for here are either the standard hymns which generations and centuries of Christian experience have stamped as classic, or else they are, though not so well-known, deserving of wide acceptance. Short biographies of the English hymn-writers, a good table of contents and an index complete this book, which we highly recommend for its excellent taste and sterling contents. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

TWO MORE VOLUMES of "Church Club Lectures," arrayed in their handsome dress of scarlet touched with black, have left the press. The lectures in 1891 were upon Catholic Dogma, or the Fundamental Truths of Revealed Religion. The lecturers were Bishop Littlejohn and the Rev. Drs. Huntington, Mortimer, Elliott, Sessums and Walpole—all names well-known in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The doctrines discussed were the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Holy Spirit, and the Sacramental System, and all are treated of according to the light and training of Protestant Episcopalians, though most of the teaching is, in the fullest sense of the word, catholic. The lectures in 1892 were upon

the Church's Ministry of Grace, and were by Bishops Garrett and Grafton, and Drs. Clark, Fiske and Robbins. These five speakers treated of Holy Baptism, the Lord's Supper, Confirmation, Holy Orders, Unction, Matrimony and Penance. To those who are already committed to the tenets of the Episcopal phase of catholic Christianity, these lectures will serve to strengthen conviction and kindle warmth and zeal; while to those who are not of this particular fold, yet still belong to the flock which is led by the one great Shepherd, they will offer much that is suggestive and edifying. (50 cts. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

The Magazines

(Continued from *The Critic* of July 15)

"The Idler"

The Idler for July has two bits of interesting personality between its covers—Émile Zola and R. M. Ballantyne. The one is known to every man and woman in the United States that reads novels; the other is known to every boy that reads stories of out-of-door life. It would hardly be possible to find a greater contrast between two men. You need only look at their faces to see this. Zola—cynical, morose, peevish; Ballantyne—genial, serene, content. The pictures that illustrate the belongings of the two men are as strikingly contrasted. Zola's house is furnished like a museum; it is overlaid with objects of art, crowded with Oriental magnificence—a house, if your vanity runs that way, to show to your neighbor, but whose gorgeous and impersonal furnishings preclude ease with yourself and the sense of being at home. Even Zola's study is not a place that invites one to write. Mr. Ballantyne's house, on the other hand, is a human habitation. We see traces of the owner's personality everywhere. His desk is covered with the implements of his craft, the space over his mantel is filled with the photographs of his friends, and a huge book-case, crowded to its edges with books, invited you to a pleasant hour.

M. Zola lent himself readily to the interviewer, and talked freely of himself and his work. After he left college in 1848, M. Zola went to Paris, where he got uncongenial work for a while, but finally drifted into a publishing house:—

"In 1861, I at last found a sufficiently remunerative situation at Hachette the publisher's. I began at 200 francs a month. I did my work so thoroughly that I was soon raised. After a certain time I was placed in the advertising department, and there came in contact with the writers and newspaper men, who, in my first literary efforts, gave me a helping hand. During my stay in that office, I never ceased writing. You must know that I was all my life a very hard and conscientious worker. After my day's work at the office, I used to read and write for hours at home by candle-light. In fact, the habit of writing at night became so inveterate that, long afterwards, when I had time in the day, I pulled down the blinds in my room and lit the lamp in order to work. Towards this epoch I met my two college friends again. One had gained some notoriety as a painter, the other was a student at the École Polytechnique. We resumed our rambles in the woods and our discussions. This, I am convinced, was of great use to me, as our different ways of looking at things enabled me to judge of characters, and to appreciate differing opinions.

"Before I left college, viz., when I was 17, I had written the 'Contes à Ninon.' These I retouched a little, and determined to try my luck as a writer with them. As usual, with young and unknown writers, publishers received me and politely returned my manuscript. I tried my employer, but, although he encouraged me, and showed his sense of appreciation by giving me a more responsible position, he refused to publish my story. Finally, I presented it to Mr. Hetzel, and to my indescribable joy he accepted it. The book was very favorably reviewed, but sold very poorly. Soon afterwards, I began contributing to the *Vie Parisienne* and the *Petit Journal*, and thus got launched in journalism."

ZOLA TELLS HOW HE WORKS

"Well, I never prepare a plot. I cannot do it. I have frequently meditated for hours, buried my head in my hands, closed my eyes and got ill over it. But no use. I finally gave it up. What I do is to make three kinds of studies for each novel. The first I call a sketch, viz.: I determine the dominant idea of the book, and the elements required to develop this idea. I also establish certain logical connections between one series of facts and another. The next *dossier* contains a study of the character of each actor in my work. For the principal ones I go even further. I enquire into the character of both father and mother, their life, the influence of their mutual relations on the temperament of the child. The way the latter was brought up, his schooldays, the surroundings and his associates up to the time I introduce him in my book. You

see, therefore, I sail as close to nature as possible, and even take into account his personal appearance, health and heredity. My third preoccupation is to study the surroundings into which I intend to place my actors, the locality and the spot where certain parts may be acted. I inquired into the manners, habits, character, language, and even learned the jargon of the inhabitants of such localities. I frequently take pencil sketches and measurement of rooms, and know exactly how the furniture is placed. Finally, I know the appearance of such quarters by night and by day. After I have collected laboriously all this material, I sit down to my work regularly every morning, and do not write more than three pages of print a day."

"How long does it take you to produce that?"

"Well, not very long. The subject is so vivid that the work proceeds slowly, but without interruption. In fact, I hardly ever make any erasures or alterations and once my sheet is written and laid aside, I do not look at it again. The next morning I resume the thread, and the story proceeds to the end by logical progression."

When asked if he would present himself again for membership of the Academy, M. Zola courageously replied:—

"Certainly, until I get a seat. There is no reason why I should be excluded from that body, and if I abstain from presenting my candidature, it might be construed as an admission on my part that I considered justified the action of the Academicians against me."

"The Forum"

The *July Forum* is as timely as a daily newspaper. It opens with a Fourth of July Sonnet, by C. L. Moore, and follows with "More Information on the Pension Scandal," from the pens of the two men who work the search-light that is making such startling revelations—Col. C. McK. Leoser and Commander John J. Finn.

"THE GRAND ARMY AS A PENSION AGENCY"

Col. Leoser, who is a Civil War veteran, asserts that the Grand Army of the Republic has been largely perverted from its original praiseworthy ideals into something of the nature of a mere wholesale pension agency. Pension resolutions, he alleges, have for years been rigorously subjected to the scrutiny of a committee, a majority of which has always been made up of pension-agents. He writes:—

"Since 1884, the growth of the organization has been rapid and flattering to its leaders. The curious student will note an instructive change in the tone of the resolutions that seem to slip out of the enthusiasm of the meetings: e.g., in 1886, one appears—'And we demand the rigid enforcement of Section 1754, Revised Statutes, and an amendment thereto, so as to give preference to all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who are now physically disabled, whether discharged for disability or not, provided that such soldiers or sailors be found competent.' This stands out in striking contrast to the respectful request to 'those in authority to bestow upon the needy soldiers and sailors such positions of honor and profit as they may be competent to fill.' But twenty years had intervened. * * * The world is sufficiently familiar with the progress made by the pension business under Grand Army stimulation since 1886. The proceedings of the National Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic are but dreary repetitions of proposals of increase and complication. No resolution has been permitted to see the light, except by permission of the Committee on Resolutions, a majority of which has always been made up of pension agents."

HOW "THE FOURTH" SHOULD BE CELEBRATED

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author of the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," has a paper on "How the Fourth of July Should be Celebrated." She protests vigorously against the false education implied by purely warlike celebrations by a nation at peace, and

offers a specific program for a more enlightened celebration of what the day really stands for. Unfortunately *The Critic*, with Mrs. Howe's suggestions in it, comes out several days after the Fourth. However, they are as good for next year. Says Mrs. Howe:—

"The fact that our heroes fought for freedom against almost hopeless odds should be brought to mind, and their names should be hallowed in perpetual remembrance. But, if we would crown their conquest, we must give more attention to the good for which they died than to the mere circumstance of their death. The ordinary procedure of mankind is quite the opposite of this. They are proud of the military success, careless of the civic and ethical gain. Even the Christian Church accentuates too much the death of its Founder, is too little concerned with the truth for which he really gave his life. A Lent of prayer and fasting, with dramatic repetition of the betrayal and crucifixion of the Blessed One, may merely bring with it suggestions of devotion and gratitude. But far more important would be a Lent of study of the deep meaning of his words and works. It makes one sick at heart to think of the formal rehearsal of great events by those who have no understanding of their true significance, and can therefore claim but a small part in their real benefit."

WHY MANAGERS REJECT PLAYS

This interesting subject is discussed by Mr. A. M. Palmer, the proprietor of Palmer's Theatre, and will be read by every embryo playwright in the country. Mr. Palmer not only tells why managers reject plays, but he tells the sort that managers want:—

"The prominent evil tendency of the American writer has been to look for his types among his countrymen of the baser sort, who never by any possibility pronounce English words properly and who seem to take the greatest pains to speak slang and utter vulgarisms and to act as if good manners were a reproach instead of an accomplishment. It is true that the plays in which these characters appear often have an underlying poetic sentiment and even a strong dramatic force in some of their incidents, but they are a weariness and a vexation to those who believe that it is not un-American to speak correctly and to behave decently. Let our young writers, and our older ones too, for that matter, abandon for a while the men and women who talk through their noses, the *habitants* of the realistic New England kitchens, and of the realistic, but not always agreeable New England hencoops and barns, the precocious children who talk baseball slang and 'sass' their parents, and the thousand-and-one *outré* and (to the refined mind) disagreeable characters and things with which the 'American' play is generally crowded, and give us in their places the gentle, the strong, the correctly-talking and the correctly-behaving characters of which surely our American life furnishes numberless types."

AN ACTOR'S MEMORY OF EDWIN BOOTH

Mr. John Malone, who was formerly a member of Mr. Booth's company, and a personal friend of the great tragedian, relates many interesting anecdotes concerning Mr. Booth's artistic personality, and protests that during all their acquaintance, Booth never ceased to study and refine and perfect his art. Of Mr. Booth's "business" in "Hamlet," Mr. Malone says:—

"His instinctive shrinking from anything like self-praise impelled him often to ascribe to accident the adoption of some felicitous detail of illustrative action or variation of reading. Once, while we were rehearsing Hamlet, he told me how he came to adopt the action of swearing Horatio and Marcellus upon the cross of his sword. One night, he said, while kneeling during the Ghost's speech with his hands pressing rather heavily upon the sword-hilt, the point sank into the stage so that when he fell prone at the exit of the Ghost the sword remained standing. When he came to the line

'Never make known what you have seen to-night,'

he turned to recover the sword. Seeing it standing with the light shining upon the cross, the words

'I'll cross it though it blast me,'

came into his mind, and he grasped it by the blade and held out the cross for his companions to swear on. Thenceforward he adopted that action. It was this alertness of mind that distinguished him, where another actor, content with tradition, and wedded to old ways, would have seized the sword by the hilt, as usual."

A CHRISTIAN PREACHER'S FUNCTIONS

Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Outlook* and pastor of Plymouth Church, discusses the subject "What are a Christian Preacher's Functions?" with the vigor and skill that have made him notable among modern theologians. According to Dr. Abbott, the oratorical ambition is fatal to any preacher who entertains it. A successful preacher, he insists, must be in intellectual accord with the thought of his own age. It is useless for the ministry to go on preaching a catastrophic theology to an age which has

adopted an evolutionary theology. It is not the vocation of the preacher, as such, he adds pungently, to reorganize society. Dr. Abbott says:—

"The scientific thought of the present age is as truly constructed on this evolutionary theory of change by growth, as the astronomical thought is on the Copernican theory. It is useless for the ministry to go on preaching a catastrophic theology to an age which has adopted an evolutionary philosophy; and it is a great deal worse than useless for the ministry to identify religion with a catastrophic philosophy, and so incite the thoughtful men and women of the age to relegate religion with that philosophy to the lumber-room where old and cast-off furniture is kept. The minister who means to commend religion—that is the life of faith and hope and love—to his age, must have the same old message that God is in his world of nature and of men, redeeming, transforming, educating his children and bringing them into his own likeness; but the successful minister will clothe this message in the philosophic thought as well as in the language of his time."

Other interesting articles, are "The Teaching of Civic Duty," by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., author of "The American Commonwealth"; "The Army as a Military Training School," by Edmund Hudson; "American Art Supreme in Colored Glass," by Louis C. Tiffany, one of its most successful manufacturers, and "The Russian Extradition Treaty," by John Bassett Moore, Professor of Diplomacy at Columbia College.

Magazine Notes

THE BOUND VOLUME of *The Century Magazine* for Nov. 1892 to April 1893 contains, as usual, many articles and some series of articles of a lasting interest. The series of American Artists is continued, with pictures by Wm. M. Chase, Abbott H. Thayer, Edmund C. Tarbell, George Inness and several other painters, and an engraving of Mr. Daniel C. French's striking relief, "The Angel of Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor." The late Mr. George P. Bradford's "Reminiscences of Brook Farm" is a collection of short notes, some of them of value, regarding Ripley, C. A. Dana, Hawthorne and others of the colonists, and some pleasant personal recollections of the author's own part in the experiment. He did not share Hawthorne's disgust with the "gold mine"; but, on the contrary, seems to have found that haymaking and peat-digging make up quite an Arcadian existence. Judge Joseph E. Gary reviews the trial of the Chicago Anarchists of 1886. The editor and two of the magazine's contributors, Bishop Potter and Dr. Washington Gladden, write in favor of an open Sunday at the Columbian Exposition, but without any money-making or unnecessary servile labor. Other articles on the World's Fair deal with the road-making exhibit, New York and the Fair, and the Fair and Landscape-gardening. X. Y. Z. questions the genuineness of the Columbus relics; Arthur Allchin writes of Hablot K. Browne (Phiz) as "An Illustrator of Dickens"; Alice C. Fletcher's remarkable studies of Indian life and A. H. Whitche's account of the Grand Falls of Labrador are contributions of note to American ethnology and geography. Two most enjoyable accounts of foreign travel with a purpose are Elizabeth Robins Pennell's account of her and her husband's trip "To Gypsyland," and Mr. Thomas A. Janvier's delightfully written story of "An Embassy to Provence" and to the modern Provençal poets Mistral and Roumanille. Both series are prettily illustrated—the former by Mr. Pennell. We must not forget, though we can do no more than mention, the articles on the great composers Liszt and Massenet; nor Pierre Millet's story of "Jean François Millet's Younger Life"; nor Octave Thanet's striking character-sketch of "The Rowdy"; nor the letters of the Sherman brothers, the General and the Senator; nor the articles on "Notable Women"; nor the poems by Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Maurice Thompson and James Whitcomb Riley.

"A new feature of *The Critic* is a review of the magazines as they come out, with short extracts from the articles in them. It is a good feature, and worth all the considerable space it takes up. There are too many good magazines in these days, even without counting those of British derivation, for the ordinary ambitious reader to deal with without help. The development of magazines whose special province it is to tell what is in the other magazines attests the demand to which *The Critic* proposes to minister. It has the advantage of its monthly rivals in being able to give the magazine news of the month while it is still fresh. After the July magazines are out the obligation of learning what was in the June magazines is perceptibly modified, but *The Critic* tells what is in the June magazines while the issues for that month are still on the news-stands. A high-class American magazine is always worth reviewing—is better worth space and attention, indeed, than the average book."—E. S. Martin, in *Harper's Weekly*, June 17.

André Castaigne

THE ILLUSTRATIONS of the World's Fair in a recent issue of *The Century*, the pictures accompanying Mr. Janvier's article on the poets of Southern France, several notable full pages in *Scribner's* and a few half-pages in *Harper's Weekly*, have all directed unusual attention to André Castaigne; and there has been a general desire to know more about the man who, almost at a single bound, has become the highest paid of all illustrators in this country. In his case, as in some others, success came with a rush, and one of the interesting incidents of the artist's sudden popularity, to those who know of such matters, has been the competition for his services. The fact that he has refused, in a month, work that would have kept him busy for a year, shows what success means to a modern illustrator.

Mr. Castaigne is not as well-known in America as he ought to be, considering that he has been here for nearly three years. He was born in Angoulême, a western city of France, the ancient capital of Aquitaine, where Richard Cœur de Lion and the Black Prince of England used to live. As a boy he went with his parents to Paris where he was educated. His instruction in art began in 1878, in the old Suisse Academy, which does not exist now, but which had a good reputation in years gone by. In 1880 he was admitted to the Beaux Arts, in Cabanel's studio, where he remained one year and from there he went to Gérôme's studio, where many of his friends were studying. The fact that he was three times the first in the general competition in this studio established his position. He won the first medal in nude figure painting, the first medal in composition and the medal for general excellence. He had in the Beaux Arts nearly all the success to be secured,

except the Roman prize. To the competition for this prize he was admitted three times, a fact in itself a compliment, since only ten works are chosen for competition. He painted a canvas at the expense of the Institute and of the Government. Among his works were "Dante and Beatrice," which is somewhere in America, and which was in the Salon of 1884; a gentleman's portrait, in the Salon of 1886; in 1887 a large painting, five yards by four, "The Deluge," which received extended notice everywhere, and which is now in one of the public museums of France; in the Salon of 1888, a portrait of the Vicomte of Dampierre, one of the first gentlemen of France, posing in a red coat and hunting costume, a picture which elicited twenty articles from the Parisian critics; in the Salon of 1889, "After the Combat," which received honorable mention, and which is now in the Peabody Gallery at Baltimore. He did many other things which found appreciation, and the six

months that he spent in England yielded very excellent results.

In 1890 he came to America as director and instructor of the Charcoal Club, an art-school in Baltimore which has attracted more than local attention by the excellence of its work and the interest of its public functions. The affairs of the Club were somewhat depressed, and its future was not as promising as it had been; but from the time Mr. Castaigne assumed his new position its fortunes began to revive. His activity, application and undoubted ability soon had a decided effect. The Club resumed its prosperity and became more than ever the best art organization in the South. The fact that within the present year one of its competitions yielded a composition which is to be reproduced, full-page, in a holiday issue of *The Century* shows the kind of original work its members are doing.



ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

In the intervals of his regular work Mr. Castaigne was busy. He is a man of enormous physical strength, and this accounts for the fact that he has been able to do an unusually large amount of work. He painted several notable portraits the first year he was in America, and one in a New York exhibition attracted general notice and comment. In 1891 he did his first illustrations for *The Century*. They were scenes in the far West and were well received, their great merit being the excellence of composition and the real action of the many figures. He was immediately recognized as a master in the art in which America had distanced the world.

His work is familiar to all magazine readers, and it has had the benefit of the most expert reproduction; but even with the finest facilities the engravers have not been able to give the full effect and marvellous delicacy of the original drawings. Those who go to the World's Fair will see some of these drawings exhibited, and when they

see them they will appreciate why it was that one of the gentlemen who have the reproduction in charge wrote to Mr. Castaigne that no engraving could possibly do the drawings justice. He is a man of remarkable imagination in his work and is thoroughly conscientious in all that he does. As he is only about thirty years of age, his success is notable in more respects than one. Last summer he was in the south of France for *The Century*. This summer he goes to Corsica for the same magazine. Before he left Baltimore there was given to him a large reception by the Charcoal Club. The previous evening he posed for the young gentlemen, and the portrait that is given in this issue of *The Critic* was selected for reproduction with these brief notes as the best among the dozen drawings that were made.

BALTIMORE, MD.

L. R. M.

Dr. Georg Ebers

THE FAMOUS NOVELIST AND EGYPTOLOGIST TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

As a novelist and Egyptologist Dr. Georg Ebers is well-known, both in his own country and among English-reading people. About his personality, however, little is known in this country, or, at least, little was known up to the present time. Now the Messrs. Appleton have published his autobiography, which he calls "The Story of My Life" and which Miss Mary J. Safford has translated from the German. Dr. Ebers was born in Berlin, fifty-five years ago, a fortnight after the death of his father.

"It was," he says, "to soothe a mother's heartbreak that I came in the saddest hours of her life, and, though my locks are now gray, I have not forgotten the joyful moments in which that dear mother hugged her fatherless little one, and among other pet names called him her 'comfort child.' She told me also that posthumous children were always fortune's favorites, and in her wise, loving way strove to make me early familiar with the thought that God always held in His special keeping those children whose fathers He had taken before their birth. This confidence accompanied me through all my after life."

Dr. Ebers's mother was a Holland woman, and his father the son of one of the richest men in Berlin. After his father's death, his grandfather met with reverses and they had to make economies, though they were not in absolutely straightened circumstances. Of these times Dr. Ebers says:—

"Yet, real happiness is more frequently increased than lessened, if only they do not entail anxiety concerning daily bread. My mother's position was far removed from this point, but she possessed qualities which would have undoubtedly enabled her, even in far more modest circumstances, to retain her cheerfulness and fight her way bravely with her children through life."

"The young widow resolved that her sons should make their way by their own industry, like her brothers, who had almost all become able officials in the Dutch colonial service. Besides, the change in her circumstances brought her into closer relations with persons with whom by inclination and choice she became even more intimately associated than with the members of my father's family—the clique of scholars and government officials amid whose circle her children grew up."

As Dr. Ebers grew to manhood, he came to know most of the men that were best worth knowing in Berlin, Froebel, founder of the kindergarten system, the brothers Grimm, Humboldt and others. When a small boy, Froebel said to him, "You will wander far through the world, my boy; your teeth are wide apart," which prediction proved true enough. Dr. Ebers has a great deal to say about Froebel and his teaching, and it is exceedingly interesting. Of the brothers Grimm he writes:—

"They were both men in the fullest meaning of the word, as was revealed at the first glance. They proved it when, to stand by their convictions, they put themselves and their families at the mercy of a problematical future; and when, in advanced years, they undertook the gigantic work of compiling so large and profound a German dictionary. Jacob looked as if nothing could bend him; Wilhelm as if, though equally strong, he might yield out of love."

"And what a fascinating, I might almost say childlike, amiability was united to manliness in both characters! Yes, theirs was indeed that sublime simplicity which genius has in common with the children whom the Saviour called to Him. It spoke from the eyes

whose gaze was so searching, and echoed in their language which so easily mastered difficult things, though when they condescended to play with their children and with us, and jested so naively, we were half tempted to think ourselves the wiser."

It was the Grimms that introduced him to Lepsius, who instructed him in Egyptology; which study he took up as less arduous than the law, he at this time finding in his system the seeds of consumption. To judge by his preparation with Lepsius, one would say that Egyptology was anything but play:—

"He had inquired about my previous education, and urged me to study philology, archæology, and at least one Semitic language. Later he voluntarily informed me how much he, who had pursued philological, archæological, Sanscrit, and Germanistic studies, had been impeded in his youth by having neglected the Semitic languages, which are more nearly allied to the Egyptian. It would be necessary also for me to understand English and Italian, since many things which the Egyptologist ought to know were published in these languages, as well as in French. Lastly he advised me to

obtain some insight into Sanscrit, which was the point of departure for all linguistic studies."

"His requirements raised mountain after mountain in my path, but the thought of being compelled to scale these heights not only did not repel me but seemed extremely attractive. I felt as if my strength increased with the magnitude and multiplicity of the tasks imposed, and, full of joyous excitement, I told Lepsius that I was ready to fulfil his requirements in every detail."

"We now discussed in what sequence and manner I should go to work, and to this day I admire the composure, penetration, and lucidity with which he sketched a plan of study that covered years."

Dr. Ebers speaks of the following studies as though they were mere trifles:—

"After my return from Wildbad Lepsius continued his Thursday visits, and during the succeeding winters still remained my guide, even when I had also placed myself in the department of the ancient Egyptian languages under the instruction of Heinrich Brugsch."

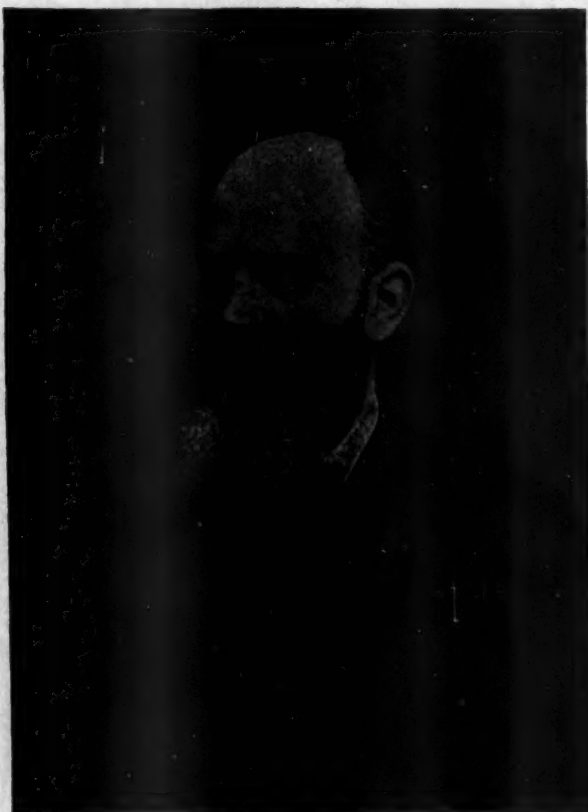
"At school, of course, I had not thought of studying Hebrew. Now I took private lessons in that language, to which I devoted several hours daily. I had learned to read Sanscrit and to translate easy passages in the chrestomathy, and devoted myself with special zeal to the study of the Latin grammar and prosody. Prof. Julius Geppert, the brother of our

most intimate family friend, was my teacher for four terms."

"The syntax of the classic languages, which had been my weak point as a schoolboy, now aroused the deepest interest, and I was grateful to Lepsius for having so earnestly insisted upon my pursuing philology. I soon felt the warmest appreciation of the Roman comedies, which served as the foundation of these studies. What sound wit, what keenness of observation, what a happy gift of invention the old comic writers had at their disposal! I took them up again a few years ago, after reading with genuine pleasure in Otto Ribbeck's masterpiece, 'The History of Roman Poetry,' the portions devoted to Plautus and Terence."

"During my leisure hours translating afforded me special pleasure. An exact rendering of difficult English authors soon made Shakespeare's language in both prose and poetry as intelligible as German or French."

"After mastering the rules of grammar I needed no teacher except my mother. When I had conquered the first difficulties I took up Tennyson's 'Idyls of the King,' and at last succeeded in



Georg Ebers

translating two of these beautiful poems in the meter of the original.

"My success with Enid I think was very tolerable. The manuscript still lies in my desk unpublished.

"As I was now engaged in studying the languages, I easily learned to read Italian, Spanish, and Dutch books.

In pursuing his studies in Egyptology, Dr. Ebers came across the material for his novels. He studied so hard that he broke down completely, and it was during his convalescence that he turned to fiction for recreation. Of the writing of his first novel, "An Egyptian Princess," Dr. Ebers says:—

"Those were happy evenings when, wholly lifted out of myself, I lived in a totally different world, and, like a god, directed the destinies of the persons who were my creatures. The love scenes between Bartja and Sappho I did not invent; they came to me. When, with brow damp with perspiration, I committed the first one to paper in a single evening, I found the next morning, to my surprise, that only a few touches were needed to convert it into a poem in iambics.

"This was scarcely permissible in a novel. But the scene pleased my mother, and when I again brought the lovers together in the warm stillness of the Egyptian night and perceived that the flood of iambics was once more sweeping me along I gave free course to the creative spirit and the pen, and the next morning the result was the same.

"I then took Julius Hammer into my confidence, and he thought that I had given expression to the overflowing emotion of two loving young hearts in a very felicitous and charming way.

"While my friends were enjoying themselves in ball-rooms or exciting society, fate still condemned me to careful seclusion in my mother's house. But when I was devoting myself to the creation of my Nitetis I envied no man, scarcely even a god.

"So this novel approached completion. It had not deprived me of an hour of actual working time, yet the doubt whether I had done right to venture on this side flight into fairer and better lands during my journey through the department of serious study was rarely silent."

We have given in these extracts only a suggestion of the entertaining quality of Dr. Ebers's book. It is written with a charming frankness that is peculiarly German, and an appreciation of the incidents of his life that is peculiar to the novelist. Few of his stories afford more agreeable reading.

Crossing the Meadow

WHITE, overhead,
Sails the puffed fabric of a cloud;
A breath below revives my spirit, bowed
With dusty cares
That soil his feet who in the roadway fares.
Ten thousand blades of cooling green
Surround the clustered innocence between.
Seeing, I said:
"Pure blossom, tinged with heavenly blue,
My heart's dull chambers welcome you!"

I pass along—
About me swells an forgotten song;
Beneath my tread
Even the slight springing of the sod
Sends my soul upward unto God.

WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

The Lounger

I DON'T SUPPOSE that there is any business that one can be engaged in that does not bring him amusing letters; but it does seem to me that publishers—either of books or periodicals—get more than their share. A publisher handed me the enclosed from his day's mail, with the remark that such tid-bits were not unusual:—"DEAR SIR—I have just finished writing a large amount of novels which I would like you to Publish them the titles of these novels are A Terrible Mystery. Lady Ethels Crime Sir Richard Carleton's Wife Herly Parkes Secret Clifford Hall Millions Countess Roslynn's Sin Lord Kenneth Russell. Count Limes Heir Pembroke Court and many more these novels are the greatest works I have ever wrote so if you would like to Publish them I could send them to you at once so kindly answer me as soon as possible. I remain etc." No doubt the writer received an immediate reply, but I fear that he was not obliged to send the "greatest works" he had "ever wrote," to the publisher in question.

IN HIS ARTICLE on the value of literary criticism, published in the June *Forum*, Prof. Boyesen reports a conversation with Bayard Taylor, in which the latter said that it always exasperated him to be called "the great American traveller," just because his first book happened to be a book of travels. "My case," he said, "is like that of a sculptor who, on account of poverty, was obliged to make his start in life as a bricklayer. When he had gained the means to supplement his deficient culture, he began to model in clay and make statues in marble * * * Now, if this sculptor shows himself a worthy member of the artistic guild and produces work of artistic merit, is it fair to be forever saying to him: 'You were such an excellent bricklayer. Why didn't you continue to lay bricks?'"

COL. JOHN HAY, I am told, is equally annoyed when spoken of as the author of "Little Breeches." Bret Harte, I know, hates the very name of "The Heathen Chinee"; and if he were not a man with a very keen sense of the ludicrous he would hate that of "Little Breeches" as well. The reason for this hatred being that a gushing lady, who prided herself upon her literary tastes, said to him once, "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote; but, of all your dialect verse, there is none that compares to your 'Little Breeches.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man. The honor belongs to my friend Hay."

IT IS SAID THAT one has to go away from home to hear the news. For a series of inaccuracies, I have seen nothing quite so complete as this, from the London *Publishers' Circular*:—


"Mrs. Deland, best known still as the authoress of 'John Ward, Preacher,' her first book, is a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, known to many as the writer of that spirited 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' which finds a place at the end of Mr. Kipling's 'Light that Failed.' Mrs. Howe wrote it during the American Civil War, and—set to the tune of 'John Brown's Body'—it soon passed into a popularity equal to that of the 'Marseillaise' itself. Mrs. Deland, it is said, has quite a fondness for snakes. Once when staying in a country hotel the landlord had to tell her to give up keeping her pets in her room, as it caused uneasy apprehensions in the minds of the other boarders! One of Mrs. Deland's sisters is also well-known as an authoress in America."

I don't know who will be the most astonished on reading this paragraph—Mrs. Deland, or Mrs. Howe or the "other boarders."

THE REV. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL of New Orleans writes to me as follows:—"One cannot help feeling a deep interest in the Columbian Liberty Bell, the great national memento of the discovery of America, into which (according to the Lounger's comments in *The Critic* of July 1) 'hundreds of silver, gold and copper coins and relics of all sorts have now been merged, to say nothing of the wedding-ring. But several years ago I read a paragraph used for 'padding' in a leading architectural magazine, which left an indelible impression upon my memory, and has made me somewhat dubious about bells alleged to contain so much precious metal. 'It has long been thought' (said this paragraph) 'an excellent thing to mix silver with the other metal when a bell was to be cast, and many pious persons have rejoiced at the thought that the silvery chime of the bell was in part due to their gifts.' Now comes a writer in an English scientific paper with this paragraph:—'I once asked a foreman in a well-known bell foundry whether putting silver in a melting-pot was of advantage. He replied, 'Of great advantage—to the founder, as the silver sinks to the bottom; the founder pours off the copper and tin, and when the silver has cooled puts it in his pocket.' I should like to know the truth about the matter. As it now stands, either the public is deceived on the subject or else respectable bell-founders have been basely slandered."

AS A RULE, *The Critic* does not reprint death or marriage notices from the daily papers; but the following from the New York *Times* is too good to be passed by: it is not every day that "one of the royal family of Theseus" is married or given in marriage in the United States.

"NICHOLAS—BISHOP.—United in the holy bonds of matrimony in the city of Burlington, Vt., in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Right Rev. Dr. J. Isham Bliss, on May 25, 1893. Hon. LEUCUS LANGDON NICHOLAS, only son of the late illustrious Anastasius Nicholas and Hon. Lady Carla Robbins Nicholas, (née Langdon), to ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP, mother of the martyred mind reader, Sir Washington Irving Bishop, 32^d, widow of Nathaniel C. Bishop and youngest daughter of the late Sir James and Lady Cathrine R. Davison, (née Richardson,) of England, formerly of 95 Fifth Ave., New York. The distin-

guished Anastasius Nicholas was a pure Greek, born in Athens, heir to the throne, and great-grandson of the Emperor of Russia Nicholas or Nikolas Pavlovitch the great, and Saint Pope; also descendant of the Emperors of the Eastern Empire of Constantinople; his mother was one of the royal family of Theseus, one of the ancient Kings of Athens. The bride and groom are the honored guests of the groom's mother in her ancestral home in Berlin and Montpelier, Vt. Wedding was private in consequence of an idolized father's death, said Hon. Anastasius Nicholas.  American and foreign papers please copy."

THE FOLLOWING, if Boston was really the *locale* of the story (as is asserted), shows that Brooklyn cannot monopolize the credit for the "moral" revision of standard English poetry:—

"At an entertainment given to a boys' club in this city, under the supervision of some charitable ladies who managed the affair, a reader was to recite Scott's poem of 'Lochinvar.' Fancy his surprise at finding the managers, who were averse to having anything in praise of wine read to their pupils, making an alteration of the lines,

'And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine,'

to the following:—

'And now have I come with this beautiful maid,
To tread but one measure, drink one lemonade.'"

This reminds one of Dr. Holmes's revision of a poem of his own in praise of the flowing bowl.

MR. ROBERT WATERS writes to me from Jersey City Heights, N. J.:—"Among certain grammarians, the doctrine is maintained that the relative *that* and not *which* or *who* must be employed when the word is used as a nonrestrictive relative pronoun. 'The young lady that lives by painting portraits is a Bohemian.' 'The young lady, who lives by painting portraits, is a Bohemian.' Now this is doubtless correct; but it is not always so; and I find a very good example in your contribution to *The Critic* of July 1. When you say, 'Dr. Nicoll * * * has made a suggestion that the British public ought to pray may not bear fruit,' the effect on the reader's mind is confusing. One hardly knows at first what to make of it; whereas if you had used *which* instead of *that*, which looks in your sentence like a conjunction, the meaning would have been perfectly plain. As you, like all the writers for *The Critic*, are a stickler for good English—or rather an advocate and practitioner of good English (can I use such a word?)—I take the liberty of drawing your attention to the matter. It is a trifle, you will say; but you know life is made up of trifles. When Alfred Ayres published his edition of Cobbett's Grammar, and turned most of Cobbett's *whiches* and *whos* into *thats* (by brackets), Mr. Richard Grant White wrote to me (for I also edited an edition of that Grammar), 'Cobbett wrote English of the best sort with unconscious ease, and all attempts to mend it have resulted in disaster.' This is worth considering, is it not? Hoping you will not take this note ill, and assuring you that I am one of the many thousands who hugely enjoy your notes in *The Critic*, I am," etc.

SIGNOR MASCAGNI, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," is at present in London, where he is being lionized as only London knows how to do. He is described as a young man of "excitable nature" and one who "keenly enjoys merriment" and who displays his love of gorgeous raiment by occasionally appearing in a scarlet coat. "Foreign talent" is uppermost in London just now. Besides Mascagni and Leoncavallo, there is the Comédie Française, Eleonora Duse and Mr. Daly's company. In the meantime, Mr. Irving and Miss Terry are coming to America; they will open their season in San Francisco in August, and will remain here for eight months. Before they begin "playing," Mr. Irving, Miss Terry and the latter's daughter, with a party of friends, will take a month's holiday in Canada.

Chicago Letter

THE LITERARY congresses, which came to an end with a meeting of the students of folk-lore on Sunday morning, were carried out in the main according to the preliminary programs. The congress of authors alone deviated to any extent from the printed scheme, for regrettably enough artists are not as reliable as scientists and scholars. Still a few interesting and unexpected papers were given in exchange for those omitted; an essay by Mr. Hamlin Garland and several short addresses by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder helping to compensate for the absence of Thomas Nelson Page, Douglas Sladen, H. D. Traill, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, and Maurice Thompson. The omission of their papers, however, made too serious a hole in a program which was not remarkable before, and in spite of the pleasant social reunions growing out of paper on "Local Color in Fiction" and Major Kirkland analyzed

it the congress of authors cannot be considered a success. Indeed it was foredoomed to failure from its conception, because of the elusiveness of the artistic temperament and the intangibility of the problems open for discussion. No man can decide questions pertaining to art for his fellow; what is truth to one writer may be falsehood to another, and fortunately no amount of argument can change the point of view of either.

This was fully illustrated at the last session of the congress, a particularly interesting one, when Mr. Hamlin Garland read a the "Ebb-Tide in Realism." Mr. Garland is the victim of a theory that every novelist should draw his inspiration from the soil, should write of nothing but the country he was bred in and the people most familiar to him. He exploited this theory with his accustomed felicity of phrasing and intensity of manner, and was followed by Major Kirkland, who spoke in the same spirit, extolling the present race of novelists with the single exception of Mr. George Meredith, who was ruthlessly and unequivocally thrown from his pedestal. This partiality in the consideration of the question moved Mrs. Catherwood to indignation, and in a terse, virile little speech she came to the "defense of her heroes." She loved them, she said with special emphasis; "think of the work that Frenchmen did on this continent two centuries ago! Why should these men be forgotten merely because they are dead? Why should we consider time in the kingdom of art, where there is no past, no present, no future, where it is all one eternal now?" The burst of applause that followed this bit of enthusiasm proved that, to the audience, realism is not the solution of all problems in fiction. But when Mr. Cable, who presided with much grace, introduced "what is left of Mr. Hamlin Garland," his reply was listened to with interest. Mr. Garland is a partisan, ardent and uncompromising; and it was hard for him to concede any virtue to theories opposed to his own. Nevertheless, he did admit that if an artist feels with his whole soul that the past is better worth writing about than the future, then his rightful work lies in that direction. But it was evident that the heroes whom Mrs. Catherwood admired are puppets to him; he cannot endow them with life nor analyze their tricks and manners. His stump speech was interesting, however, and the entire discussion was lively and exciting. As much cannot be said for all of the sessions of the congress, for the atmosphere of gloom was only occasionally dispelled. It was unfortunate that the only hot weather of the summer, thus far, should have entered the conspiracy against this congress.

The most serious work accomplished in these conferences was in connection with copyright and the business side of authorship, for here there are tangible subjects to discuss and helpful suggestions to offer. Throughout the congress the publishers were the under dog in the fight and had little opportunity to defend themselves from repeated attacks. To the essayists on these occasions, the author is a gentle, innocent creature, so ignorant of guile and so untutored in the ways of the world that he must be protected with armor at every point, or the wicked publisher will run him through. Gen. McClurg, however, came to the defense of this despised individual in a well-turned little speech in which he stated that he would be glad to have any writer whose works he had published examine the books of the firm. Later Mr. Walter Besant took occasion to publicly thank Gen. McClurg for this privilege,—one which, if accorded by all publishers, he said, would soon bring about the millennium. His experience with them has evidently not been of the happiest. Mrs. Catherwood, on the contrary, said that, except in one instance, she had received fair and honorable treatment from her publishers. Certainly, she added laughingly, her share of the profits had not been as great as she would have liked; half would have pleased her better, and two-thirds would have been entirely satisfactory. Replying with unnecessary seriousness to this, Mrs. Lothrop of D. Lothrop & Co. said that she wished every writer might pass through an apprenticeship in a publishing-house in order to learn the extent and variety of expenses incurred in printing a book. Several valuable suggestions in regard to copyright were made by Mr. Allen, who insisted that an author should take out the copyright of his book in his own name to protect himself in case of the failure of his publishers. In the course of later sessions the papers by Mr. Warner and Mr. Cable were among the more interesting; and Miss Alice French, who is better known as Octave Thanet, read a clever and well-constructed essay on "The Short Story." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones of London was disappointingly superficial on the subject of "The Future of English Drama," an essay in which art and ethics were hopelessly commingled, much to the detriment of both.

The children's afternoon, arranged by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, attracted a very large audience and was a success in other respects as well. Its popularity shows that authors' readings would have been a welcome addition to the regular program. The day was opened with a poem by Mrs. Bates sung by the children, and continued with stories by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, Miss Nora

Smith, and Miss Mary Proctor, and poems by Mr. Eugene Field and Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth.

Mr. Walter Besant was received in Chicago with special honor, partly for his own sake and partly because he came as the representative of the British Society of Authors. His appearance always attracted a crowd, and he was lionized both in the congress and out of it. He delivered an interesting address to the Twentieth Century Club, which entertained the writers. He took a most hopeful view of English fiction, using the term to include American novels too; he considers that it was never in so flourishing a condition as now, and never engrossed the attention of as many skilled workmen. To prove this statement he read a list of twenty-five English and the same number of American novelists, including everyone from Meredith and Kipling to Haggard and Charlotte M. Yonge, and generously characterizing them all as artists. Mr. Besant was very well pleased with his reception here, and wrote an enthusiastic letter to Mr. Bonney, congratulating him upon the success of the congress, and adding that "a great stimulus has been given to the consideration of all subjects concerned with the advance of our common literature, a literature growing daily more international, while on both sides of the Atlantic it will preserve its natural distinctions." In conclusion he writes—and I quote his remarks at length because they give a picture of the city which I have tried now and then to convey to you:—

"Permit me, sir, if I may do so as a simple visitor without the appearance of impertinence, to congratulate your splendid city on the place which this exposition has enabled it to take among the great mother cities of the world. Among all your business activities, and in the eager pressing forward of your people, rejoicing in a vigorous youth, confident in a splendid future, reckless of what they spend because of the strength and resources within them—I rejoice to find springing up a new literature. Whatever be the future of this literature, which rises on the frontier line of east and west, it will be at least free from the old traditions. I wish for your authors that independence which we in the old country are struggling to conquer; at least it will be their fault if they do not achieve it at the outset—not the fault of the national character, nor the fault of this literary congress.

"I leave your city with memories of the greatest kindness and hospitality. I can never sufficiently thank my friends here for their friendliness. I carry away a delightful memory—not so much of a Chicago, rich, daring, young and confident—as of a Chicago which has conceived and carried into execution the most beautiful and poetic dream—a palace surpassing the imagination of man, as man is commonly found—and a Chicago loving the old literature, discerning and proving that which is new, and laying the foundations for that which is to come—a Chicago which is destined to become the centre of American literature in the future."

The other congresses were probably of more substantial benefit to those who took part in them than the conference of authors, for the questions involved were more exact and were capable of scientific demonstration, or at least of a stimulating comparison of researches. The program of the philological congress was faithfully carried out, and many distinguished philologists assisted in making it successful. Dr. Richter was the most popular figure, and his speech at the opening reception was delightfully hearty and enthusiastic. The folk-lore congress had many deliberative assemblies, which were very popular. No such gathering of the students of this branch of literature has ever before been held, but the unique feature of the congress was musical rather than literary, after all. The folk-song concert, arranged by Mr. Frederick W. Root, was alone worth travelling from New York to hear. I would be glad to analyze the program at length, so remarkable was it, but its variety precludes the possibility. Germany, Bohemia, Italy, Norway, Poland, Ceylon, India, Japan, Turkey, French Canada, Russia, Sweden, England, Scotland, and America in its Indians, Creoles and Negroes,—all these were represented by singers to the manner born, natives of the countries they represented. The difference in ideals among the nations was an interesting subject for study, but there was beauty in even the strangest of these weird and fantastic songs. And an artist would have been as well pleased as a musician in this concert-hall, for a special point was made of the native costumes, many of which were rich in color and sumptuous in texture. The concert was concluded with "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," which was sung by the author, Dr. George F. Root.

This week is to be devoted to the department of education at the Art Institute, and the programs prepared by Mr. Bonney and his committees are very elaborate. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Samuel Fallows is chairman of the general committee of these congresses, and Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth of the committee of the woman's branch. The number of conferences is extraordinary, but the arrangement is systematic and should be beneficial in its results. The subjects of the different congresses are Higher Education, College and Uni-

versity Students, University Extension, College Fraternities, manual and art education, the kindergarten, physical culture, business education, social settlements, and the instruction of the blind and the deaf. Among those who will read papers in one or another of these congresses are Prof. C. R. Richards of Pratt Institute, Prof. Martha F. Crowe of the University of Chicago, Prof. SELLERGREN of Stockholm, Dr. Emil Hirsch, Prof. Walter Perry of Pratt Institute, William L. Tomlins of Chicago, Prof. Ernest Fenollosa of the Boston Art Museum, Mrs. Wiggins, Prof. R. G. Moulton, Pres. Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Felix Adler, Prof. William G. Hale, Alice Freeman Palmer, Thomas Davidson, and Hamlin Garland.

CHICAGO, 18 July, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

London Letter

THE LORD MAYOR'S banquet at the Mansion House last Saturday night, "to the Representatives of Literature, Science and Art" was certainly something of a success, but it would have succeeded more decisively if it had been kept more within bounds. The net was spread so widely that there were scores of people present who must have asked themselves, with bewilderment, what they "represented." At the same time, so many really eminent or notable persons of the class invited have probably not met under one English roof for many years. A very interesting feature of the occasion was the first appearance, on any stage, of an American ambassador. Mr. Bayard was received with cordial and prolonged cheering, and was by far the most popular guest of the evening. But his speech was rather an error of judgment. It was long, too long indeed; it was dully delivered, with a slow utterance; and, worst of all, it was commonplace. Mr. Bayard will improve, and will learn to know his audience; it is probable that on Saturday he was too anxious and too serious to ensure a bright result.

For the rest, the speaking was all of it deplorable, as it too often is at the Mansion House. The Egyptian Banqueting Hall, with its colonnades of pillars, must have been designed for the distraction of orators, and no one can make himself decently heard there. The company, too, was far too large; it would be as easy to address a whole feasting nation as to reach the ears of so vast a collection of dinner-tables. The easy conversation afterwards was pleasant, and Mr. Bayard was the centre of a brilliant circle of felicitation. In looking at the list of names on the plan of the table, art seemed to have been better represented than literature, and literature much better than science.

Among the guests was "Maarten Maartens," the Dutch novelist, who writes so well and so interestingly in English. Mr. "Maartens" has been paying a visit of some weeks to town, where his literary confrères have made him very welcome, and two evenings later than the affair at the Mansion House he was given a complimentary dinner at the Authors' Club, of which he has been elected the first honorary member. It is strange to think how careless Holland is of its men-of-letters; Mr. "Maartens" himself affirms that, as a writer, he is quite without honor in his own country, where he has a fine estate near Neerlangboek. Certainly, he builded better than he knew when he elected to write in our own tongue, and it is no slight distinction that he should prove not only master of a fluent prose style, but should have cultivated, no less, a faculty for English verse which would, were he permanently among us, secure him a niche in the edifice of minor poetry. "Mr. Maartens" returns home this week. During his stay here he has been the guest of his London publisher, Mr. George Bentley.

The theatrical event of the week has been the State performance at the Opera, for which the Covent Garden Theatre was packed on Tuesday evening. Coming as it did immediately before the wedding, the performance was attended by a brilliant assembly of the Royal Family, and the Princess May was presented by Sir Augustus Harris with a gold opera-glass set with diamonds and pearls. The opera chosen was "Romeo et Juliette" with Madame Melba and M. Jean de Reszke in the principal parts.

Talking of the royal marriage reminds me that, since my last letter, Mr. Lewis Morris's wedding ode has been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. It is printed on hand-made paper, large white quarto, with scarlet capitals, stitched with silk cord, and is really by no means an unworthy performance. I remarked last week that Mr. Lewis Morris had many qualifications for the rather rigid rôle of State poet, and his new ode, I think, supports my assertion. Of course it is stiff, formal and a little commonplace; but it never says the wrong thing, it never treads on anyone's prejudices, and it proceeds with a certain stately (if rather ponderous) dignity through the usual round of compliments. The following passage, moreover, has a touch of genuine sincerity about it. The poet is talking of the memories of the past which must inevitably break in upon the life of state.

"Sometimes, fair maid, for thee,
When the unending pageant tires,
Amid the heat, the gems, the glare,
The heavy perfumed stagnant air,
Some youthful memories yet
May make those soft eyes wet,
And thou again wilt come to yearn
For happy scenes which never shall return,
The long-armed oaks, the fawns amid the fern,
And dream again a gracious dream
Of sweet June twilights on the brimming stream,
Or innocent school-feasts, or the boyish quires
And ivied church, or thou wilt soothe again
Some child's pathetic pain,
Till the rapt, musing girl forgets the Queen,
And all that since has been.

"Peace, Love is Lord of all!
Nor shall grave thought-to-day nor care
Stay the gay tide of nuptial song.
Peaceful may be their wedded lives, and long,
Their fateful voyage fair;
Whatever good things Fortune holds in store
Be theirs in affluent plenty, more and more;
The duteous love of children to assuage
The growing ills of Age.
Whatever solace wealth and Regal State
Can give to lives by Fate made isolate
Be theirs, and all-pervading Peace
Secure their Realm's increase!
Beyond their latest days may our dear England be
Mighty by land and Sovereign of the Sea!"

The publishing season is wearing to an end, and very few new books of importance are announced. We have, of course, Sir Richard Burton's life, a very full biography in two huge volumes upon which his widow has bestowed infinite piety and devotion. And at the same time there is to be issued, in monthly volumes, a memorial edition of Sir Richard's works, the first of which is ready this week. "The Pilgrimage to Mecca," the earliest of the series, is to be followed in July by "A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey," and later we may expect "Vikram and the Vampires" with illustrations by Ernest Griset. A presentation copy of the first volume has been sent to the Queen, bound in black morocco.

I hear it rumored that in the autumn we are to have another serious novel with a purpose from an author who has hitherto been associated principally with light and entertaining literature. I must not mention names thus early, but I think, when the book appears, readers will be even more surprised than they were by the sudden change of style with which Miss Adeline Sergeant produced "The Story of a Penitent Soul." But perhaps I may hint that the new novel, which will, of course, be published simultaneously in America, will deal with a religious difficulty—a question of creed and doctrine—and will be from the pen of a lady novelist.

About the same time, I understand, Mr. George Moore will finish a realistic novel upon which he has been engaged for two years. This story will treat a phase of English life and passion hitherto unduly neglected in fiction, and will, it is needless to say, contain many pictures of the shady side of life. The interest of Mr. George Moore's work is unquestionable. With all his crude workmanship and forcible lack of shame, he seems to carry to the extreme his theory of the application of moral ideas to literature, and we may be sure that there will be something worth learning and meditating in a work to which he has devoted so much painstaking toil.

LONDON, 7 July, 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS appears to be the coming favorite sculptor for Boston, if one can judge by the multiplicity of honors thrust upon him. In the first place, he has charge of the sculpture for the new Public Library Building. In the second place, he was chosen by the friends of Phillips Brooks to design a memorial to that great preacher, and the selection was made, as they frankly admitted, without any thought of asking competition but with entire reliance on St. Gaudens's skill. In the third place, he is now completing the elaborate bas-relief which is to form the particular feature of the memorial to that gallant leader of the colored troops, Col. Robert G. Shaw.

The latter memorial will stand on Boston Common directly in front of the State House and will be the handsomest as well as the costliest work of art of its kind in the city. Already the labor upon the foundation has begun and it is hoped that by October the memorial may be dedicated. The colored people of Boston have naturally taken a great deal of interest in this work, but the chief

efforts have been made by Col. Henry Lee, John M. Forbes, Edward Atkinson and other wealthy and prominent citizens, who contributed some \$20,000 for the monument section, apart from the base and the pedestal. There will be no statue, so that the criticisms which we have heard so often of late regarding "grave-stone-maker's work" and "politicians' schemes" would have little chance for show here even if the entire matter itself were not under the artistic superintendence of Mr. St. Gaudens. In the centre of the large plate of marble and granite, decorated with fanciful design and with poised eagles, will be placed the bas-relief representing Col. Shaw on horseback at the head of his regiment, with prominent people of Massachusetts in the background.

The new Music Hall is assured and the new Symphony Orchestra leader to succeed Mr. Nikisch has been selected. Emil Paur is the one that will wield the baton that Henschel, Gericke and Nikisch held before him. This announcement was a great surprise to Bostonians, for, to tell the truth, hardly anyone here had ever heard of Paur and no one knew whether to be pleased or displeased. For that matter, as Major Higginson's management of the famous Symphony Orchestra is entirely independent of the public, it would not have made the slightest difference whether the people sang or wept. I am told by a friend, however, that even Mr. Higginson himself had no personal acquaintance with the new conductor and that when he wanted information about him he had to seek a Boston gentleman who knew the young Leipzig composer abroad. In all Boston there were but two people who could claim acquaintance with Paur and in all Boston there was to be found but one picture of Paur. One of the gentlemen that knew him intimately abroad (Mr. Gruenberg) says that Paur, like Gericke, is a strict disciplinarian and that the young director himself once told him that he cared nothing for personal popularity if bought by a lack of strictness which would make the conductor more a machine than an intelligent man aiming at a particular end. Paur's energetic will and impressive personality are praised by Mr. Gruenberg. Being somewhat brusque in manner and decidedly frank and outspoken, Mr. Paur's friend thinks that the new leader will not become a society man; but he adds that his large physique, his powerful voice and self-reliant manner are such as to call forth confidence and respect from all. In conducting, it is said that Mr. Paur, while destitute of eccentricities, has a great deal of energetic swing, and, moreover, that he abominates heavy, tedious playing, preferring even to drop a few notes rather than to lose fire. He is a native of Austria, is now about 38 years of age and studied the violin at the Vienna Conservatory where he graduated with high honors. He was appointed first violin in the orchestra of the Vienna Opera House and while yet a young man acquired the position of Court Director at Cassel. Then he went to Koenigsberg, and thence to the Court Opera at Mannheim. Finally, when Mr. Nikisch left the Leipzig opera to take charge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Paur succeeded him there. He is said to be an accomplished pianist as well as violinist and is also known as a composer. His wife also is a pianist, but seldom appears in public.

It has always been interesting to know that Col. T. W. Higginson's "Young Folk's History of the United States" had not only had such great success in this country as to become a standard work, but also had been translated into the French, German and Italian for the use of the boys and girls abroad. But it is equally interesting to learn now that Col. Higginson's "Larger History of the United States" is to be printed in Russian. Dr. P. Mejuef of St. Petersburg is doing the translation.

I mentioned a week or so ago that Mr. Robinson, curator at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was to take Prof. Norton's work at Harvard during the latter's sabbatical vacation, and now it can be announced that Mr. B. I. Gilman, Lecturer in Psychology at Clark University, Worcester, becomes librarian and curator at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Museum, by the way, has just received a bequest of \$10,000 by the will of Abbott Lawrence, the money being intended for a fund entitled "The Abbott Lawrence Fund," the income of which will be used for the purchase of pictures. By the same will the Massachusetts Historical Society receives \$3,000 for the publication of the collections of the proceedings of the Society; the Social Law Library receives \$10,000, the income of which is to be used for the purchase of legal works (this bequest being in memory of the deceased son of the testator, Abbott Lawrence, Jr.) and the Massachusetts General Hospital, \$10,000, to establish free beds. Mr. Lawrence left a property valued at two or three million dollars. He was a man of note not only on account of his family associations, but also through his own work in connection with mills, banks and insurance companies. His father was one of the three brothers that founded the City of Lawrence and was prominently mentioned in 1841 for the nomination of Vice-President in place of Fillmore. The son graduated at Harvard in 1849 and then entered the business of his father. He edited the diary of his grandfather Timothy Bigelow, who was

a prominent lawyer of Groton and who had the remarkable honor of being chosen thirteen times Speaker of the Massachusetts House.

I notice that Mr. Lorin F. Deland, to whom in a literary paper, I suppose, we must always refer as "the husband of Margaret Deland, author of 'John Ward, Preacher,'" is coaching the Harvard boys again in foot-ball. It will be remembered that he devised the famous Deland wedge which worked with such success in the game against Yale last year. Now it is said he has some new strategic movements planned and is coaching the boys of the crimson in the use of them.

BOSTON, 18 July, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

One of Miss Alcott's "Little Women"

WE FIND the following paragraph in the Boston *Evening Transcript* :—

"Although Mrs. Anna Bronson Alcott Pratt, who has just died in Concord, was never in any manner connected with public life and work as her famous sister and father were for many years, there is a sense in which she has been very closely connected with thousands who never saw her. For she was the original of 'Meg,' the sweet eldest one of the four 'Little Women' who have been like sisters to all the young girls of America since they first appeared in literature. And many women who used to know 'Meg,' 'Jo,' 'Beth' and 'Amy' almost as well as their own sisters, and who rejoiced in Meg's brave industry and endearing womanliness and happy home life, will feel a pang as at the loss of a familiar flesh and blood friend of schoolgirl days in learning that 'Meg,' too, has followed her sisters into the silent land. 'Beth' died first, as in the story, then the bright and talented 'Amy,' and only a few years ago, Louisa Alcott, at once the prototype and creator of 'Jo,' laid down her busy pen. The children of Mrs. Pratt were not the girl and boy who figure as 'Daisy' and 'Demi' in the stories of the Marches, but two sons whose place of occupation in the world is in the publishing-house whence came 'Little Men' and the rest of Louisa Alcott's books. The younger one took the name of John Alcott legally in deference to Louisa Alcott's will; the elder son is Mr. F. Alcott Pratt; his little son bears the name of Bronson Alcott, in accordance with the wish of his paternal grandmother, Mrs. Pratt, whose funeral Wednesday will be in Concord, the quiet town associated with so much of the fortunes of our American literature."

The Fine Arts

The Iconoclast Society

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The Sculpture Society is prematurely born. The hopes, the efforts, the money which it will absorb should be concentrated on an older and more modest organization—the Iconoclast Society. It is our purpose to destroy the chief horrors of existence in New York City. We propose, first, to blow up with suitable ceremonies a certain (or uncertain) cockchafer impaled on a pin (see Johnson's Dictionary: "Cockchafer, an animal unlike anything else on earth"), which disfigures Washington Square and has been labelled "Garibaldi" by some hater of Italy. We shall then remove with proper violence a statue on the east side of Central Park which represents a forgotten retail clothier named S. F. B. Morse in the act of offering for sale to the passer-by a "gent's shawl, rich and dressy." St. Andrew's Day is to be celebrated by the obliteration of a misshapen bronze lump marked "Burns," which now makes walking on the Mall impossible for all but the blind and the very young. Until the Iconoclast Society by a judicious combination of good taste and gunpowder has thus wrought its perfect work and freed the city from these and the kindred monsters which squat darkly in our parks, there can be no public taste for the Sculpture Society to develop and satisfy.

8 July, 1893.

ALFRED BISHOP MASON.

Art Notes

MR. RUSKIN'S American publishers, Maynard, Merrill & Co., announce for immediate publication, "The Elements of Drawing, in Three Letters to Beginners," for which Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has just written an introduction. This is the twenty-second volume of the authorized Brantwood Edition.

—G. F. Watts, the English artist, has just finished a portrait of George Meredith, the novelist. While the artist is very "difficult" as to whom he will and will not paint, the novelist has an extraordinary dislike to sitting for his portrait. It was only a few years ago that Mr. Meredith yielded to the entreaties of friends and admirers and consented to be photographed for the first time in his life. Mr. Watts's portrait is said to be very striking. The figure, so familiar to the neighborhood of Dorking, in its loose gray suit and

brilliant red tie, sits in an easy attitude. The artist has succeeded, it is said, in catching a peculiarly characteristic pose of the fine head, with its keen expression and iron gray-hair and beard.

—Mrs. Cecelia E. Wentworth, the New York artist who occupies Cabanel's house in Paris, has just received the decoration of the Grand Cross in one of the Papal orders in recognition of her paintings on religious subjects. Mrs. Wentworth's canvas in this year's Salon is entitled "La Foi." She came within a few votes of receiving a medal for it.

—A "Hand-book to Accompany the Graphic System of Object Drawing," by Hobart B. Jacobs and Augusta L. Brower, explains their system, which appears to differ in no important particular from that in use in all good primary drawing-schools, and gives elaborate instructions to teachers as to using the manuals and drawing-books during the four years over which the course is meant to extend. The authors make useful suggestions, evidently derived from experience, as to the best way of impressing facts of form and color upon the minds of children. They write plainly and agreeably. We can suggest only that a course in modelling from the object ought to be carried on at the same time as their graphic course. (\$1. A. Lovell & Co.)

Notes

LAST YEAR, when the time for the annual "Ashfield Dinner" came round, Mr. George William Curtis was lying at death's door, and his townsmen paid him their tribute of respect and affection by omitting the festival. This year it is to be made a memorial in his honor.

—"Many Inventions," Rudyard Kipling's latest, is said to have passed, already, through its second edition.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce "Camp-Fires of a Naturalist," by Clarence E. Edwards, telling of out-of-door life in the West and of the habits of the animals there; and a new novel by Victor Cherbuliez, "The Tutor's Secret."

—Dick Donovan, of detective fame, has written a serial entitled "Eugène Vidocq: Tramp, Thief, Adventurer, Galley-Slave, Detective." It deals with the life and sensational adventures of the notorious Frenchman, who died as recently as 1857, at the age of eighty-two. The story will commence publication almost immediately in *Tit-Bits*, and will be issued later by George Newnes in England and by Harper & Bros. in this country.

—Mrs. Mary J. Serrano has been elected one of the jurors of awards on women's work at the World's Fair.

—Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard is preparing to bring out a volume of essays dealing with various phases of character and thought in Puritan New England.

—Mr. Oscar Wilde's dramatic works are being edited by Elkin Mathews and John Lane. The first volume, "Lady Windermere's Fan," will be followed by "A Woman of No Importance." Mr. C. H. Shannon has designed a separate title-page and cover for each volume.

—The Duke of Bedford has declined to renew the lease of Drury Lane Theatre, which has existed for 266 years.

—The new edition of Laurie's "Comenius" issued by C. W. Bardeen and noticed in our issue of July 1 is a reprint of the Cambridge University edition, of which Macmillan & Co. are the American agents.

—From the following graceful letter, written at her home in Hartford on July 7, Mrs. Stowe appears to be as clear in her mind as the numberless readers of her book might wish her always to be. The letter is addressed to her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The pretty little Brunswick Edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin, with its pleasant sounding name, brought back to me the happy days of 'long ago.' Days of labor, it is true, but also days of strength and days of hope. As I took the little book in my hand, I seemed to hear the soft rush of the distant tide in the sunny bays of Maine, and to scent the odors of the balsam, spruce, pine, and hemlock, which fringe those lovely shores. It was indeed a happy thought, the naming of this new little edition for the birthplace of the original. Please accept my best thanks for your kindness in sending me the pretty little volume, and believe me, I should have sooner sent my thanks, except that for the last two weeks I have not been quite as well as usual, and not equal to even the slight task of thanking you, my friends, for your unceasing kind remembrances of me. Ever, very sincerely your Friend,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

—Émile Zola has been appointed an officer of the Legion of Honor. *Le Journal* tells a story concerning M. Zola and Leo XIII., who, it appears, followed the published reports of M. Zola's excursion to Lourdes, the miracle town, with very great interest, and

expressed a wish to see the man. "He is a force," said the Pope, "I am a force also. Together we can do much for the world's happiness." A high functionary was accordingly despatched to the author of "Nana" to make overtures for an interview. M. Zola, after some difficulties had been disposed of, finally consented to go secretly. His well-meant endeavors to conform to the ceremonial of Vatican interviews resulted, it is said, in some amusement both to himself and to the Pope.

—All of Wordsworth's important prose writings will be included in a forthcoming volume, edited by Prof. Knight of St. Andrew's, for the Scott Library.

—A new story by Alphonse Daudet will shortly appear in *L'Illustration* on the conclusion of Jean Rameau's "La Rose de Grenade." The title of M. Daudet's romance is "Soutien de Famille."

—Col. Richard T. Auchmuty, who served his country well during the Rebellion, but whose name will be remembered for its connection with the arts of peace rather than those of war, died at his summer home at Lenox, Mass., on Tuesday last. As founder and maintainer of the New York Trade-Schools, he set an example that has been of value throughout the world. The average yearly attendance at these schools exceeds 500; but they have never been self-supporting. Col. Auchmuty and his wife (Ellen Schermerhorn) have made good the annual deficit, in addition to providing the land and buildings at a cost of \$70,000. In 1889, when the schools were incorporated, they added \$160,000 to their previous gifts. It was at this time that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan gave \$500,000 as an endowment fund. Col. Auchmuty was an architect by profession. His death at the age of sixty-three years resulted from the amputation of one of his legs last March.

—It has transpired that George Meredith was the first to justly appreciate Thomas Hardy's first successful novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree." The book, after meeting with the refusal of several publishers, was sent to Chapman & Hall. Mr. Meredith, then as now one of the readers for this firm warmly recommended the book for publication, and wrote a letter of praise to Hardy that must have been balm to his spirit.

—The Boston *Transcript* says that the first free town-library in this country was started in the village of Petersborough, N. H., in April, 1833, and has ever since been open on Sundays as well as on week-days.

—M. James Darmstetter, Orientalist and Professor in the College of France, has been awarded the prize of \$4000 in the gift of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, for the author of any work or invention calculated to do credit or be useful to the country within the past ten years. M. Darmstetter gained the votes of the Academy by his translation of the "Avesta." It will be remembered that M. Darmstetter is the husband of A. Mary F. Robinson, the English poet.

—At the Spitzer sale in Paris, a manuscript of the "Office de la Vierge," once the property of Queen Anne of Austria, brought \$4100. Spitzer had paid \$5400 for it at the Ambroise Firmin Didot sale. A manuscript, with miniatures in Florentine workmanship of the fifteenth century, of Ovid's "De Arte Amandi" brought \$2010. "La Coche ou le Débat d'Amour," a poem of Marguerite de Navarre, in the original edition, the copy presented to the Duchesse d'Étampes, brought \$2000.

—The *Sun* publishes a cablegram from Paris, to the effect that M. Buloz, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has absconded, after paying out "more than \$3,000,000" in blackmail. Mme. Buloz has obtained a divorce. It is reported that M. Brunetière, who last month was elected to the Academy over M. Zola, will edit the magazine for her until her nephew attains his majority.

—Harper & Bros. will publish, about July 25, "Other Essays from the Easy Chair," a second volume of Mr. George William Curtis's delightful papers, reprinted in the American Essayists Series from *Harper's Magazine*. "The Literature of Philanthropy," edited by Frances A. Goodale for the Distaff Series; William Black's "Wise Woman of Inverness," in the new cloth edition, and Charles Dudley Warner's essay on Washington Irving, in the Black and White Series, will be issued on the same day. *Harper's Bazar* of July 22 contains "The Story of a Ball Dress," a short tale translated from the French of Ludovic Halévy by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews, daughter of Brander Matthews.

—It has been decided in England that typewritten communications may be sent by mail at the same rates as printed matter, in case that not less than twenty copies are mailed at the same time.

—At a recent sale at Christie's, a lot of alleged relics of Shakespeare fetched 155 guineas—the same price that was brought by Leech's seven original drawings for the illustration of Dickens's "Christmas Carol." The famous illustration in Douglas Jerrold's "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle"—"No, Mr. Caudle, I Shall Not Go to Sleep"—sold for 21 guineas. Five original drawings for Dickens's "Chimes" realized 66 guineas, and six drawings for "The Cricket on the Hearth" brought 78. The MS. of "Chinese" Gordon's journal of the Taiping rebellion was sold for 12 guineas.

—"As to strength," says *The Evening Post*, "the only contemporary English poet who ever gives us a glimpse of the heroic and Elizabethan quality is Michael Field, who, when resolved into his original elements, is well-known to consist of two shy ladies in an English country town."

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1710.—Who wrote the poem beginning:

"There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore."

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T. S. P.

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Americans in Europe. \$1.	Tait, Sons & Co.
Archer, T. The Highway of Letters. \$2.	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Comfort, E. M. The Little Heroine of Poverty Flat. 30c.	T. Whittaker.
Coppée, F. Rivalet. 60c.	Amblard and Meyer Bros.
Doyle, A. C. The Sign of the Four and A Study in Scarlet. 50c.	Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Family Prayers for the Christian Year. Arranged by W. A. Sulzby. 60c.	T. Whittaker.
Fuller, A. Pratt Portraits. 50c.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Langbridge, F. Miss Honoraria. 50c.	F. W. F. & Co.
Lya, C. The Doctor's Idol. 75c.	F. W. F. & Co.
Matthew, F. At the Rising of the Moon. \$1.25.	Tait, Sons & Co.
Montaigne's Essays. Book III. Tr. by J. Florio. Intro. by G. Saintsbury. 15c.	London: David Nutt.
Roosevelt, T. The Wilderness Hunter. \$3.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Scott, W. The Heart of Mid-Lothian. 2 vols. Ed. by A. Lang.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Scott, W. Old Mortality. 2 vols. Ed. by A. Lang.	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Songs for the Shut-In. Arranged by M. C. Yarrow. 75c.	T. Whittaker.
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